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☞ All communications, as well as letters of business should be addressed TO THE PUBLISHER.

THE TRINITY.

[The following letter is from a worthy member of the Society of Friends, which will account for its peculiar phraseology.]

[For the Register.]

TO HORACE BUSHNELL,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, HARTFORD, (CONN.)

DEAR BROTHER,—Sympathizing with my beloved Christian brethren in their holy desire to know what is revealed to the human mind concerning the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, I have opened your volume with lively interest.

Intending to limit my remarks to the subject of the Deity and our Lord Jesus Christ, as revealed in the sacred Scriptures, and as presented in your eloquent publication of "God in Christ," I shall make but few observations on your just and ingenious dissertation on language.

Whatever may be said of the inadequacy of "winged words," which have their basis in visible material objects, to impart correct ideas of spiritual truths—whatever may be affirmed of the liability to extend our apparent logical inferences beyond the boundary of truth, it must be admitted that it is worse than useless to employ words which have no power at all to present truth to the mind. Still more objectionable is it, to adopt words, which not only fail to convey truth, either literally or analogically, but which really convey error and involve contradiction, according to all known import of the terms.

There is an illusion pertaining to the subject of *mystery* from which many very intelligent minds are not exempt. It consists in not maintaining the distinction between mystery belonging to *things* and to *words*. Professor Stuart, in his reply to Mr. Miller, objecting to the term, "eternal generation," as involving contradiction, remarks, "The cry of *mystery, mystery*, which is so often raised against certain doctrines of the Scriptures, can never influence the lover of truth to reject them. But what is unintelligible, or surpasses our comprehension, belongs to *things* and not to *words*. What we *express* respecting things, must of course be intelligible: for language is merely the vehicle by which our thoughts are conveyed to others. What we understand in our own minds, we can express to the mind *of others*; and what we do not understand, of course we cannot express, because our language, which is only the vehicle by which our thoughts are conveyed, cannot convey thoughts or conceptions which do not exist. It is very easy then, to draw the line of distinction, between mystery which is connected with *things* or phenomena, and mystery which belongs only to *language*. The latter, I take it, always proceeds either from want of skill, or crafty design, or an intention to speak enigmas. We are not allowed, therefore, by the common laws of language, to assert any thing which, when examined, proves to be either a contradiction, or an incongruity; and then to take refuge from objections which may be made to our language under the pretence that the subject is mysterious, and consequently, it is improper to urge investigation respecting it. It may be true, indeed, that the subject of which we speak is mysterious. But what I have expressed about such a subject, if I have used language with any propriety, is of course only what I knew or conceived about it in my own mind. This can certainly be made intelligible to another mind; and there is, therefore, no mystery in my *expression*, at least there ought to be none."

Does not the intelligent mind of my respected brother respond to these lucid remarks on the distinction between *words unintelligible* and *things undefinable*?

Permit me then to ask if the following expressions, found in your interesting volume, do not truly belong to the category of "*words unintelligible*?"

Page 113. "Father, *Son* and Holy Ghost, being incidental to the revelation of God, may be, and probably are, from eternity and to eternity," &c. Are not the words *Son from eternity*, contradictory and unintelligible, whether used literally or analogically? Is not derivation and beginning of existence necessarily implied in the term Son? Are not the sacred Scriptures of truth, and reason, in harmony in the application of the terms "first" and "only BEGOTTEN," "beginning of the creation of God," to the origin of the highest nature of the Son of the Blessed? You justly assure the humanitarian that the words "I came down from heaven," &c. "are totally repugnant to the idea of Christ's simple humanity." I ask if the words, "Son," "begotten Son," are not "totally repugnant to the idea of" no beginning of existence or eternity? If you "let go a trinity that mocks our reason," how can you hold an *eternal Son*? But you not only maintain this incongruity, which is surpassed by none which you repudiate, but, while on one page (136) you confirm our pure faith by declaring "the proper unity of God," on the very next you confound us with the expression of this very unity, "evolving a trinity of persons." Connect this with your expression of Father, Son and Holy Ghost (which you consider to be the names of this "trinity of persons") being "from eternity," and tell me, if your expressions do not, equally with the Nicene dogma, imply the eternal existence of three infinite persons. Tell me, my Christian brother, for the truth's sake, (the object of our mutual researches,) if you can, wherein Athanasius "mocks our reason" in relation to this subject, more than Mr. Bushnell. What different "stand-point" do you occupy? Why should your orthodoxy be questioned? That you have subverted your orthodoxy by antagonisms, I cannot deny; but this also do those who impeach you. I protest against their monoply of this salvo.

Page 136 you remark, "We take, then, as a first point, to be held immoveably, the strict personal unity of God—one mind, will, consciousness." Now I appeal to your own good judgment to determine whether or not you can maintain this truthful "point," and your trinitarian theory (which includes the "real," "proper," "essential divinity," "deity," "real deity" of the Son) without rejecting the truth of Jesus Christ that he came down from heaven *not to do his own will but the will of him that sent him*? You will not predicate this of the humanity which did not come down from heaven. Indeed your own correct view of the unity of the mind of Jesus Christ precludes any resort to such a worthless subterfuge. Here then, the faithful Witness being judge, there are, in respect to Father and Son, *two distinct wills*, one *supreme*, the other *subordinate* and subject to the first. What now is the alternative from which there is no escape for the rational mind? It is, that the one God is not one "mind," one "will," one "consciousness," or his Son constitutes no part of the essential Deity.

Your "first point" *is* immovable. It is sustained by the eternal pillars of rational and Scriptural truth. "God is ONE," not three. "There is but one God." Who is He? "THE FATHER." The Father *alone*. "The only true God," in distinction from his Son whom He (the only true God) has sent, as from all other persons or beings. You write, dear brother, of "a three-fold personality or impersonation of God." You assure us God is "one mind, will, consciousness." Where then is your "three-fold personality?" What is the idea of your own mind corresponding with the words you employ? What perception can you possibly have of "three-fold personality," which you can harmonize, to your own satisfaction, with your perception of the unity of God? Do you say the subject is incomprehensible? Have you gained any thing by offering for our faith an incomprehensible proposition respecting an incomprehensible subject? Do you affirm that both the simple unity and three-fold personality of the Deity are subjects of divine revelation? Revealed to what? The human mind? Is that very thing which is *revealed* to the human mind, *incomprehensible* to the human mind? There may be much *connected* with what is revealed, both in the works and word of God, which is incomprehensible or mysterious, but to affirm that what is *revealed* is *incomprehensible* involves contradiction.

But where, I ask, do you find, either in the original Scriptures or the common version, a single passage which expresses, either plainly, or by necessary implication, "a three-fold personality" in the Deity? Even the disputed passage of John, "There are three that bear record in heaven," &c., simply affirms that the "three are one." Surely, after the Saviour has prayed that his disciples may be one with him and his Father, *even as he and his Father are one*, it will not be affirmed that he and his Father cannot be one, in any other sense, than one God. You have adduced plain declarations, from the true prophet, to refute the humanitarian, but not a single one from the testimony of the Son of God, or from prophet, or apostle, to convince the opposer of Trinitarianism. Here is a signal failure.

Respecting "the Gospel of John," you remark, "the only way to read this book is, first, to get the divine aim of Christ's mission before us, viz. to express God," &c. Very well. How then has our blessed Master expressed God? Has he affirmed "a three-fold personality" in God? Never. He has annihilated such a supposition, by the plain declaration that his Father is "the only true God;" John 17: 3; and by never claiming for himself any higher name than that of his "first" and "only begotten Son." It is worthy of my beloved brother's serious consideration, that when the inspired witnesses design to set forth the highest nature, dignity and glory of our Lord, they employ the term, "The Son of God," as best adapted to their purpose. Thus John defines the glory of the Word to be "the glory of *the only begotten of the Father*." Paul in the first of Hebrews, having the same purpose in view, exhibit the glorious Redeemer of our lost race, as the only being in the universe to whom Jehovah has said, "thou art *my Son*," &c. This is the more excellent Name which he has obtained "by inheritance," in which his highest nature and glory are concentrated. "THE SON OF GOD." This was the declaration of the disciples, when their Lord demanded the expression of their faith concerning him. When the angels were commanded to worship him, it was as the "*first begotten*" brought into the world. The term God is applied to Rulers vastly inferior to the "King of kings and Lord of lords, who is over all God," by the pleasure and appointment of the Father who has "put all things under him," but the term, "the Son of God" is never so applied. It is the sole prerogative of Him whom "the only true God" has anointed "above his fellows."

Page 156. You observe, "The reality of Christ is what he expresses of God, not what he is in his physical conditions, or under his human limitations. He is here to express the Absolute Being," &c. Is he therefore, in "reality," identically the Absolute Being? May not the Absolute Being express or manifest himself through the medium of other beings? If the material heavens declare the glory of God, cannot his first and only begotten Son, who is in his bosom, declare him? "God, who in time past spake—by the prophets has—spoken to us by his Son." The prophets have expressed the infinite nature and perfections of God. The Son in a far more perfect manner; but, in neither case, can the "real deity" of the the persons be inferred.

Page 126. "We want Jesus as divine, not as human." I reply, we want him in his *entire* character and work. We want him as the divine, first, and only begotten Son or Word of God, made flesh, living, dying, rising, reigning for us. I indeed rejoice to find you repudiating a principle which neutralizes all the vitality and efficacy of the humiliation, sufferings and obedience unto death of the matchless Son of God, predicating all this work of wondrous love and power of the humanity only! Blessed be God, the dispelling of this illusion, which has so long eclipsed the true glory of the Cross, casting its murky shade o'er our Father's love, in "his unspeakable gift," has commenced. The two opposite extremes however meet at the same fatal point. The truth is found between. The true mediator is between God and man. Perfect humanity is, *from its own imbecility*, an inadequate offering for the sins of a world. Perfect Deity is inappropriate *in the nature of things*. It is not necessary to prove that deity is incapable of suffering; the palpable truth, that the *eternal* and *ever-living* God cannot *die*, is conclusive against mediatorship, independently of the incongruity of any being *mediating* for himself. If we may learn any truth from the sacred volume of inspiration, we may learn the necessity, in the wisdom of God, not of the suffering only, but of the DEATH of the Mediator. To this great truth, all the blood of the Jewish Altar directs the attention of transgressors. Without it "there is no remission." To adumbrate or shadow forth the great fact of Jehovah's making, (*not his own soul or life*,) but the soul or life of his first and only begotten Son "an offering for sin," was the manifest design of the legal sacrifices. In Him, who has loved us and given himself for us, we behold, with adoring admiration, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The advanced step you have taken, in respect to this important subject, will, I hope, lead you still farther into the region of truth, to contemplate this blessed theme, "so as to be clear of (the) distraction" of confounding the Father with the Son—the Unbegotten with the begotten—the Sender with the sent,—the "one mind—will—consciousness" with another, and the Mediator with the party for whom he mediates! These incongruities, alas! attach to your theory. No eloquence or beauty of diction can cancel them.

Page 171. You remark, "in order to the full and complete apprehension of God, a third personality, The Holy Spirit, needs to appear." What then, dear Sir, becomes of your "first point, to be held immoveably, the strict personal unity of God—one mind, will, consciousness!" Is a "full and complete apprehension" of the strict *personal unity* of God to be obtained from the appearance of a personal Trinity in God? Is such an apprehension of our Father's revealed sole supremacy of all perfections and of all authority to be obtained by a division of this supremacy with other persons? O that your intelligent mind may emerge from such confusion. These are not the clouds, my brother, which Jehovah has spread before the face of his throne. Among the "secret things (which) belong to God," there can be nothing contradictory to the revealed truth that the FATHER is "the ONLY true God." The words of Jesus Christ "shall not pass away." John 17: 3.

My mind and heart respond to your proposal to "return to the simple Father, Son and Holy Ghost of the Scriptures." Is not the "simple Father" of the Scriptures "the ONLY true God," Jesus Christ being judge? Is he not "above all," "greater than all!" Does not the Son affirm, "My Father is greater than I"—"I live by the Father"—"the Son can do nothing of himself,"—"as the Father gave me commandment so I speak!"

Is not the "simple" "Son" of the Scriptures "begotten"—"the first born of every creature"—"the beginning of the creation of God"—"the *image* of the invisible God," and not the identical *original*? Is he not the "one Lord BY whom are all things," in distinction from the one God "or whom are all things?" Is he not worshiped "to the glory of God the Father?" Is not the simple—Holy Ghost of the Scriptures, "the Spirit *of God*," the spirit, breath, life or vitality, of his wisdom, love and power? Is it not that which God *pours out* and *sheds forth*? Does he shed forth or pour out a *person* or *influences*? Is the Spirit of God, which is in him, a distinct impersonation from God himself any more than the spirit of man, which is in him, is a distinct person from the man? Is there indeed, in the universe, an infinite person whom no inspired prophet, apostle, or saint, ever worshiped; who has no part in the celestial anthems of praise, which are offered to God and the Lamb?

It is truly a remarkable anomaly, that one, who proposes to return to the simplicity of the sacred Scriptures, in respect to this great subject, should himself retain, with scarcely any variation, the very human unscriptural *formula* which has corrupted the Christian church, from that very simplicity, for ages. Until you direct us to the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth, where we may find a Deity "evolving a trinity of persons," "a three-fold personality," the first and only *begotten* Son of God as "real deity," "from eternity," and the Holy Spirit as a "third personality," you must allow us, my respected brother, to consider the means you employ as ill adapted to the end you propose.

Page 173. You teach that the "three persons" "are relatives, and in that view, are not infinites; for relative infinites are impossible. And yet taken representatively, they are each and all infinites; because they stand for, and express the Infinite absolute Jehovah." Is this the simplicity of the living oracles? Do we need *three* Infinites to express *one* Infinite? If *one* Infinite is, to our mere thought, "no better than Brahma sleeping on eternity and the stars," what better can *three* Infinites be than *three* Brahmas thus sleeping? You indeed write scripturally and intelligently of the Infinite manifesting or expressing himself through the finite. "The only begotten Son—has declared him." But if the *one* Infinite cannot thus manifest himself, how can *three*? Can you conceive of *three* Infinites approximating nearer to finite than *one*? Is there, in your own mind, a single intelligent idea or conception corresponding with these representations? Is it honorable to yourself, or just to those whom you desire to teach the truth of God, to retain the unscriptural formula of fallible men, without sustaining your words by the expression of some intelligent idea corresponding thereto?

After all your remarks on the subject of mystery, and the imperfection of logic, in reference to this subject, you write positively that "it certainly is not true that there are three distinct consciousnesses, wills, and understandings." Now, brother, I ask, if, in fact, you have a perception of a distinction between "three persons" and "three distinct consciousnesses," &c? If not, are you not equally bound to say with me that "it certainly is not true that there are three" *persons*? If you do not, can you satisfy *your own mind* that you do not contradict yourself? If you have any perception of such a distinction, why have you not enlightened us how to cut this worse than Gordian knot?

You write of the "obedience unto death," of the "real deity." To obviate the supposed "absurdity of obedience in a being whose nature is essential deity," you justly remark that "though God is under no obligation to another, he is yet under obligation to goodness," &c.; but this only confirms the difficulty, for he, whom you suppose to be "real deity," and "under no obligation to another," plainly assures you that he is under obligation to another, and came down from heaven not to do his own will, but the will of another. He is not only under obligation to righteousness, (as all intelligences eternally are,) but he declares his obligation to *another being*, thus proving, on your own principle, that he cannot be "real deity." His obedience indeed is "sacred" and "lovely," demanding our admiration, gratitude and praise!

"The incarnate Word," whom you affirm to be "real Deity," you remark, "is summoned to die." Will you inform us *who* summoned the *Infinite* and *Eternal* to die? Will you inform us *who* sustained the universe when the Almighty was dead? Not one of the infinite persons, for, according to your theory, the offering is obedience unto death of *all* the persons.

Page 169. You suppose that the Father is the Absolute Being. Must he not then be exclusively the one eternal Jehovah? If not, what mean you by the term Absolute Being?

Your excellent remarks on the importance of knowing the blessed holy influence of divine truth in the soul, as an abiding principle of practical godliness, are truly edifying. This, after all, should be the great object of our heart's desire, and prayer to God, both for ourselves and others. It is this, and this only, which can restore fallen man from his moral ruin, and prepare him "to glorify God and enjoy him forever."

Yours, in Christian love,

HENRY GREW.

THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

"Christian Thought on Life, in a Series of Discourses, by Rev. Henry Giles," is the title of a volume just issued by Ticknor, Reed & Fields. These discourses are the production of cultivated genius, and abound in proofs of delicate and discriminating thought. They appear to have been wrought out under the chastening influence of a contemplative religious habit, and their perusal, in spite of the hue given them by the theological views of the author, will be found eminently quickening to the higher sentiment. Seldom have we met with a passage more subdued and beautiful than the following:

"Sorrow is the noblest of all discipline. Our nature shrinks from it, but it is not the less for the greatness of our nature. It is a scourge, but there is healing in its stripes. It is a chalice, and the drink is bitter, but strength proceeds from the bitterness. It is a crown of thorns, but it becomes a wreath of light on the brow which it has lacerated. It is a cross on which the spirit groans, but every Calvary has an Olivet. To every place or crucifixion there is likewise a place of ascension. The sun that was shrouded is unveiled, and heaven opens with hopes eternal to the soul, which was nigh unto despair. Even in guilt, sorrow has sanctity within it. Place a bad man beside the deathbed or grave, where all that he loved is cold, we are moved, we are won by his affliction, and we find the divine spark yet alive, which no vice could quench. We cannot withhold our interest, and we are compelled to give him our respect.

Christianity itself is a religion of sorrow. It was born in sorrow, it was incarnate in sorrow, it was tried, in sorrow, and by sorrow it was made perfect. The author of Christianity was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Alone did he tread the winepress of agony, until the last drop of torture was crushed out. Alone did he walk on the waves of affliction in the dark and stormy midnight of solitude and woe. With sensibilities so quick, so gentle, and so loving; with a perfect soul, to which wrong or wickedness must have caused unspeakable pain, yet, to which the depths of wrong and wickedness were exposed; with sympathies alive to the smallest suffering, and yet which clasped in their wide embrace all humanity in its wants and its capacities; heavy, indeed, was the burden which his spirit had to bear. Not on one occasion only, but often, we conceived him bathed all over with the cold sweat of a terrible anguish,—but often we may hear him exclaim, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death."

It was for such a being that humanity waited; out of the depths of its gloom, of doubt, of suffering and of sin, the heart of humanity cried for such a being, and in the fulness of time he came. Humanity looked up bewildered to the stars, it looked down weeping to the grave; but the stars were cold, and the grave was silent. With passionate supplications, with tears and blood, it besought reply to its deep sad questionings. But heaven and earth were mute to its petitions. At last a being was given to it, who understood the secret of its grief, and who solved the mystery of its fears; who spoke out of its own affections and to them; who, enduring its trials to the utmost, with the comfort of divine truth, bestowed the help of divine companionship. Distinctively Christ was a man of sorrows, and distinctively Christianity is a religion for the sorrowful. It is by affliction that the need of it is felt; it is by affliction that its innermost meaning is apprehended. Even the pardon which it proclaims, the mercy which it reveals, descends only on the tribulations of repentance. It is a religion which brings the soul into communion with solemn things on every side of it, and into most intimate communion with itself. It is a religion which, in giving the soul an ideal of faultless excellence, humbles and chastens it, in the presence of the holiness by which it is elevated and sanctified. It awes by the majesty of its truths, it agitates by the force of its compunctions, it penetrates the heart by the tenderness of its appeals, and it casts over the abyss of thought, the shadow of its eternal grandeur. Nor is this all. It reveals such views of this thronged world, such views of those who throng it, as often to deepen reflection into sadness.

But this sadness is exalting. It is the baptism by which every man who lives profoundly, is introduced into his greater life. Since Christ wept over Jerusalem, the best and bravest, who have followed him, in good will and good deeds, have commenced their mission, like him, in suffering, and not a few of them, like him, have closed it in blood. Sorrow is not to be complained of, it is to be accepted. It has godliness in its power, it has joy within its gloom, and though Christianity is a religion of sorrow, it is not less a religion of hope; it casts down in order to exalt, and, if it tries the spirit by affliction, it is to prepare it for beatitude."

THE HEART. The little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came.—[Longfellow.

[For the Register.]

The Succory.

I ask not what the learned name
Thou hast in musty book;
I feel thou would'st the question blame,
Blue Flower, with thy bright look.

Though thou by Learning's lofty seat
Art scattered far and wide,
I will not now the name repeat
She gives thee in her pride.

I'll ask that playful, little child,
That stooped to pluck thee there,
What name she gave thee when she smiled,
And placed thee in her hair.

Her infant words shall frame for me
A name of sweeter tone,
Than Science ever gave to thee,
To make thee for her own.

A name a mother's lips have taught
To call the way-side flower,
A name with thoughts and feelings fraught
Of childhood's happy hour.

Still may it wake, sweet child, as now,
That smile when years have fled;
And left their wrinkles on thy brow,
Their silver on thy head.

Still may that name in memory dwell,
Loved guardian of thy heart;
And be through life a holy spell,
Recalling what thou art.

J. V.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

Action is one of the fundamental laws of our physical and mental being. There is an imperative and deep-seated demand for it, which cannot be disregarded without loss and injury. Inactivity and indolence; the failing to exercise duly our bodily members and powers, will induce weakness or disease, disarrange the system, and bring premature old age. The same is true of the mind. It must be *exercised*—trained to think, reason, reflect—made to work, and kept actively engaged, or its powers will never be fully developed: it will remain, at best, a weak and sickly thing. Hence, God has wisely and kindly provided for the due and healthful exercise both of the body and of the mind, and made obedience to this constitutional law of our being indispensable to success in life and to rational happiness.

The same holds good in *spiritual* things. The same necessity exists for activity. The demand for it is universal and cannot be set aside. There must be *activity*—the working of the spiritual machinery of life—the exercise of the graces of the Spirit—the doing of daily service for God—the putting forth of earnest effort in the field of self-culture and of Christian enterprise—meditation, prayer, the reading of the word—the exercise of charity, the visiting of the sick, the poor, and the afflicted—the planning and the accomplishing of purposes for the salvation of souls, and the revival of religion and the prosperity of the church of God—there must be this as a daily habit of life, or there cannot be progress in the divine life, nor a healthy spiritual development, nor the enjoyment of religion. God has wisely ordered it, that if we will not work, as spiritual beings, neither shall we eat; if we will not obey the laws and follow the impulses of Christian life and Christian duty, we shall have leanness of soul, and reap only sadness and disappointment of hope. And this is why so many Christians are weak in the faith; are but babes in Christ when they ought to be strong men. They grope their way in the dark, instead of walking in the light of God's countenance; they are sad and gloomy when they might be joyful and cheerful. They are at ease in Zion. They will not work. They do violence to the laws of their own spiritual being, and to the laws of Christ's kingdom. They sleep when they should be awake; are inactive when a world of motives, and a world of obligations, and a world of perishing interests demand exertion,—earnest, prayerful, whole-souled exertion, for the soul, for God, for mankind.

We live in a universe of wonderful activities. —The Christian may sleep—may fold his arms and dream away his existence, and let his precious opportunities of self-improvement and for doing good, which are never to return, pass away unimproved. But everything around him rebukes such conduct and calls him to labor. The entire creation is in ceaseless motion—is ever busy; the vast systems which compose the material universe, present a scene of amazing and sublime activity; the thoughts and powers of angels, good and evil, are ever occupied; the infinite mind of God is always at work, planning and executing. And the children of this world are anything but idle; their minds and resources are all worked to their utmost capacity; they drive the machinery of life with ceaseless and fearful rapidity; they run in the race, for gain, for honor, for pleasure, for intellectual attainment, with all the might and energy of ambition and resolution. Intellect is taxed and tortured to bring forth new inventions; the muscular and the mechanical power of the world is duly augmented and never suffered to rest; the world is ransacked for new fields of enterprise; the face of the whole earth is made to put on beauty—vast wildernesses are reclaimed and put under culture. Towns and cities are made to spring up on every hand. Commerce pours its tide of activity and wealth over every sea, and along every valley. Unnumbered agencies, extending through all space and embracing the combined energies of mankind, and laying under contribution every faculty and power of rational being, and the vast forces of nature, are enlisted, and crowded to their greatest capacity, in the service of this world. We do not complain of this. It is right. It is nature acting out her instincts, and developing the mighty and irrepressible energies and resources which God has given her. But we would have the Christian learn a lesson here. Oh! how strange, how out of place, seems an ease-taking indolence in one chosen to represent God, and religion, and eternity, in the midst of such activities—one put here to have a care for the soul, to look after the interests of Christ's kingdom, to be the example of all that is pure and good and truthful, the organ of the realization of eternal realities to a world of perishing sinners! Christian reader, shall we not awake and act well our part in this scene of deathless and responsible activities? The greatness of the work to be done for God and eternity—the shortness of life—the motives of the gospel—the worth of souls—the coming realities of another world, all demand activity and bid us put far away the love of ease and sloth, and the spirit of delay and indecision, and to do with our might whatsoever our hands find to do [Christian Evangelist.

HEART RELIGION.

One may have a very clear knowledge and a firm persuasion of the truths of the Gospel, and yet if those truths do not come in contact with his emotive nature, his belief will be icy and inoperative. A living faith must be a cordial faith, a faith proceeding from the heart. Without this there may be a determination of the will, a strong resolution to do right, but that resolution will assuredly falter, or it will be fulfilled mechanically, by stress of conscience Though feeling is fluctuating, and religious emotion is often transient and deceptive, yet we are never permanently interested in religion until it takes a strong hold upon our affections, that is, until the *heart* is in it. But when the heart is in it, thoroughly and warmly engaged in the service of Christ, then is the intellect itself quickened in the perception of truth—for the sanctified heart has a sort of intuitive discernment of truth—and then, too, is the will nerved to carry out its own purpose; for the heart's desires are the motive power of the will. A purpose formed under the mere conviction of duty, is enlivened and invigorated when the heart is enlisted in its object. Just in proportion as the heart is engaged in religion will the mind grow in the knowledge of God and of Christ, and will the life abound in fruits of holy obedience. The great *desideratum* in preaching—whether to sinners or to saints—is to reach and move the heart. It was because of the *hardness of their hearts* that the preaching of Christ had so little effect on the Jews; it is because of the hardness of their hearts that the preaching of the Gospel has so little effect upon many who hear it at this day. How many hear of the glorious perfections of God and his government, of the unspeakable love of God in Christ, of the commands, the invitations and the promises of the Gospel, of the glorious and the dread realities of eternity, who are never moved thereby to appropriate conduct, because their *hearts* are not reached by these truths; and how many a Christian sinks into a dull, stupid and worldly frame because his emotions are no longer excited by the Gospel. The *heart* is the spring of spiritual life. [Independent.

AN INTENSE YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIP. If I had reaped no other benefit from Christ Hospital, the school would be ever dear to me from the recollection of the friendship I formed in it, and of the first heavenly taste it gave me of that most spiritual of the affections. I use the word "heavenly" advisedly; and I call friendship the most spiritual of the affections, because even one's kindred, in partaking of our flesh and blood, become, in a manner, mixed up with our entire being. Not that I would disparage any other form of affection, worshiping, as I do, all forms of it, love in particular, which in its highest state, is friendship and something more. But if ever I tasted a disembodied transport on earth, it was in those friendships which I entertained at school, before I dreamt of any maturer feeling. I shall never forget the impression it first made on me. I loved my friend for his gentleness, his candour, his truth, his good repute, his freedom even from my own livelier manner, his calm and reasonable kindness. It was not any particular talent that attracted me to him, or anything striking whatsoever. I should say, in one word, it was his goodness. I doubt whether he ever had a conception of a tithe of the regard and respect I entertained for him; and I smile to think of the perplexity (though he never showed it) which he probably felt sometimes at my enthusiastic expressions; for I thought him a kind of angel. It is no exaggeration to say, that, take away the unspiritual part of it—the genius and the knowledge—and there is no height of conceit indulged in by the most romantic character in Shakspeare, which surpassed what I felt toward the merits I ascribed to him, and the delight which I took in his society. With the other boys I played antics, and rioted in fantastic jest; but in his society, or whenever I thought of him, I fell into a kind of Sabbath state of bliss; and I am sure I could have died for him. [Leigh Hunt.

A LESSON FROM THE EAST.

Dr. Duff, the celebrated Scotch missionary to Calcutta, amusingly illustrated the differences of opinion which arise on many points, in a speech before the late General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland:

"Differences must arise; but let us calmly look, with a view to their mitigation or removal, at the causes of our differences, and not despair. Complicated questions will arise, consisting of a multiplicity of parts; and from the infirmity of our natures, one man will, from peculiarities of disposition, habitudes of thought, or hereditary associations, look at one part more than another, and dwell upon it till it almost exclusively occupies his attention, and till it so swells in dimensions as to overshadow all other parts—even as a pin-head, by being brought close to the eye, and having the pupil intensely fixed on it, may shut out and eclipse the landscape around, even the sun in the firmament of heaven. It being evident, then, that from such causes differences of judgment must arise, the question comes to be, How are we to treat them? Allow me to introduce to you the mode in which Eastern sages have illustrated this subject; and shall we for once take a lesson from the East, whence, amidst much that is foolish and absurd, gleams of strong, sound common sense do sometimes shine forth. They put the case somehow in this manner:

It is supposed that there are assembled a number of blind men; a huge animal is introduced amongst them in the form of an elephant, and they wish a know his size, shape, and form. To ascertain this, they must go to work, not in the way of speculation, but in the way of practical observation and measurement. One man lays hold of and measures its foot, and pronounces the animal tall and straight, like the stem of the palm tree. 'Impossible!' cries another, who has seized hold of the trunk, 'he is bent and limber like a bamboo,' 'Impossible! cries a third, who has laid hold of the ear, 'I declare he is of the shape of the plantain or banana leaf, flat, and broad, and long.' A fourth, who has laid hold of the tail, says, 'You are all wrong together—he is of the shape of a crooked serpent.' 'All wrong, indubitably wrong,' cries a fifth, who has laid hold of the animal's body, 'he is a huge rotundity, like the sacred mountain Sumeroo.'

What, then, was to be done with these conflicting verdicts? One of the sages, more clear-headed and sagacious than the rest, heard all that was said, and began to reflect in this way—'I cannot doubt your honesty and veracity as witnesses; I do not doubt your testimony, conflicting as it is, and the only way in which I can reconcile it is, to put all the parts of it to together, and see if we will thus find out the real genuine structure and shape of the creature.' They did so and found it. There is a lesson here for us. Many questions arise of multifarious parts, and what is it, in such circumstances, our duty to do?"

HOW HELP THE POOR?

[From Mr. Ritchie's excellent Report to the Trustees of the Roxbury Missionary Fund.]

The question often forces itself upon my mind, "How can our poor people be benefited, humanized, elevated?" To me it seems absolute folly to attempt to lead them by direct effort to a higher inner life or to a conception of the spiritual. The only work worth attempting with them now is to direct their senses to the perception of the advantages of a decent and respectable existence, to make them aspire after more comfortable abodes, to make them see the uses of bringing up their children to be honest, industrious, prudent, and possessed of a knowledge that will not make them ashamed among their fellow men. These people need advice and encouragement. They do not know how to live, and need to be taught like children. Let them be encouraged. Give them employment. Teach them not to lie or steal, not simply by endeavoring to impress them with the immorality of such practices—to most you might as well talk about Hebrew roots and scientific names, but by making them actually to perceive that by such courses, they lose the favor of those who might give them work, and incur the penalties of the law, and that the end of such conduct will be want of employment, starvation, or existence in a jail. It is pleasant, I know, to weave beautiful theories, to imagine the results of striving to infuse a sense of the spiritual, the lofty, and the ennobling into the degraded beings for whom we feel so strong a pity, to think of the capacities and powers of the human mind, how it may be guided to truth, to duty, and to God; but it is altogether another thing to enter the cellars and the garrets on Tremont street, or in that sink of abominations Tremont place, and there, amid atmospheres foul, fetid and stifling, attempt to breathe out our hopes, our wishes, our imaginations. No, this is not a work of romance. It is to deal with the actual as it is found among the worst forms of humanity. They who enter upon the work of doing a permanent good for the degraded poor must come with faith, deep, abiding, unconquerable; must labor and trust for years before the eye may see the effects of their toil, aye, must work on in faith and hope, although they may never witness the result of their labors. God is good, and poverty, with all its apparent attendant evils, must be good—good certainly for those who by it are led to go out from themselves, to enter into the feelings and wants of others, to grow into the favor of their Heavenly Father by deeds, which, unlocking the selfishness of their own natures, afford an opening for the entrance of a life-giving disinterestedness which may work to the glory of God in the greater perfection of their faith and lives. Let us pray and work that God's kingdom may come in our hearts, and in the world, but let us not be disappointed or distrustful because it does not come when we think it ought. In God's own time it will come. To labor judiciously and faithfully is *our* duty. Results are with God. He alone truly knows what is good for man.

Colonel Benton in the United States Senate, indulged in some striking reminiscences relative to Virginia, which strongly illustrate the change that has taken place, not in this state only, but in the older states generally:

"My opposition to the extension of slavery," said Mr. Benton, "dates farther back than 1844—forty years farther back; and as this is a suitable time for a general declaration, and a general conscience delivery, I will say that my opposition to it dates from 1804, when I was a student at law in the State of Tennessee, and studied the subject of African slavery in an American book—a Virginia book—Tucker's edition of Blackstone's Commentaries. And here it is (holding up a volume, and reading from the title page:) "Blackstone's Commentaries with Notes of Reference to the Constitution and Laws of the Federal Government of the United States, and of the Commonwealth of Virginia. With an appendix to each volume, &c., &c. By St. George Tucker, Professor of Law in the University of William and Mary, and one of the Judges of the General Court in Virginia." In this American book—this Virginia edition of an English work—I found my principles on the subject of slavery. Among the short tracts in the appendixes is one of 50 pages in the appendix to the first volume, second part, which treats of the subjects of African slavery in the United States, with *a total condemnation of the institution, and a plan for its extinction in Virginia.*

"In that work—in that school—that old Virginia school, which I was taught to reverence—I found my principles on slavery, and I adhere to them. I concur in the whole essay, except the remedy—gradual emancipation—and find in that remedy the danger which the wise men in Virginia then saw and dreaded, but resolved to encounter, because it was to become worse with time—the danger to both races from so large an emancipation. The men of that day were not enthusiasts or fanatics, they were statesmen and philosophers. They knew that the emancipation of the black slave was not a mere question between master and slave—not a question of property merely—but a question of white and black—between races—and what was to be the consequence to each race from a larger emancipation. And there the wisdom, not the philanthropy, of Virginia balked more than fifty years ago; and there the wisdom of America balks now. And here I find the largest objection to the extension of slavery—to planting it in new regions where it does not now exist. *The incurability of the evil is the greatest objection to the extension of slavery.* It was wrong for the legislator to inflict an evil which can be cured; how much more to inflict one that is incurable, and against the will of the people who are to endure it for ever? I quarrel with no one for supposing slavery a blessing; I deem it an evil, and would neither adopt it nor impose it on others. Yet I am a slaveholder, and among the few members of Congress who hold slaves in this district."

THE LOSS OF THE FIRST BORN.

We have read of a young mother who had newly buried her first born. Her pastor went to visit her, and on finding her sweetly resigned, he asked her how she had obtained such resignation. She replied, "I used to think of my boy *continually*—whether sleeping or waking—to me he seemed more beautiful than other children—I was disappointed if visiters omitted to praise his eyes, or his curls, or the robes that I had wrought for him with my needle. At first I believed it the natural current of a mother's love. Then I feared it was pride, and sought to humble myself before Him who resisteth the proud. One night, in my dreams, I thought an angel stood beside me and said, 'Where is the little bud thou nurseest in thy bosom? I am sent to take it away! Where is thy little harp? Give it to me! It is like those which sound the praise of God in heaven.' I awoke in tears; my beautiful boy drooped like a bud which the worm pierces; his last wailing was like the sad music from shattered harp-strings; all my world seemed gone, still in my agony I listened, for there was a voice in my soul, like the voice of the angel who had warned me, saying 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' I laid my mouth in the dust and said, Let thy will be mine; and as I arose, though the tear lay on my cheek, there was a smile also. Since then this voice has been heard amid the duties of every day—methinks it says continually, "the cheerful giver!"

IT IS MY WAY—IT IS MY INFIRMITY. So many will say, when any practice or habit is held up to their view inconsistent with gospel principles and Christian practice. No matter how bad the tendency; if it is only their way or infirmity, they seem to feel justified. Instead of endeavoring by the grace of God to reform, they continue to excuse themselves, and go on in their old way. The professor who is addicted to foolish talking and jesting, will acknowledge its impropriety, but it is his way and of course it must be overlooked. And if you kindly admonish him, you have but your labor for your pains. So of the snarling and snappish person—it is his infirmity, and there is an end of it. "It is no worse than other men in high standing do." But reader, do reflect. Might not the drunkard and thief, or debauchee, say the same with equal propriety? If, because it is our way or habit, we are innocent so are they. But if we are in a bad way, let us get out of it forthwith, and the sooner the easier and the better.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, September 28, 1850.

Capital Punishment for Murder.

As we editors are divided in opinion on this subject, it is but just to the one who dissents from the views presented week before the last, as well as to our readers, that both sides of a question so important should be represented in our columns, and we now propose to offer some of the more prominent considerations against the death penalty.

In the first place, it becomes us as Christians to inquire into the law and the spirit of Christ. Not unrelenting wrath, pitiless destruction, punishment without remedy,—but compassion, forbearance, hope for the most guilty and abandoned, is confessedly the duty of the individual Christian toward his offending brother. How can different principles be applicable to a community from those which bind the individual? How can it be right for a man to perform a hundred-thousandth part of an act, or, as one of a hundred thousand, to recognize a principle which, in his individual capacity, he must disavow? The spirit of the gospel seems to us to bid the Christian legislator to despair of no man, to believe that none have sinned beyond the power of repentance and the reach of mercy, and to seek, in every case, the reformation of the offender. We cannot but regard the community as occupying a most unchristian attitude, when it says to a guilty member—"There is no longer, on God's earth, and beneath his heaven, room for thee and us,—we, who yet hope ourselves to be forgiven, close on thee the door of mercy and of hope."

Indeed, no scene (with the single exception of the battle-field) presents itself to our mind as so brutal and so barbarous, so abhorrent, not only from christianity, but from every sentiment of decency, as the execution of a criminal. This the common feeling of civilized communities has acknowledged; for the executioner's office has for centuries been deemed infamous, which could hardly be the case were there not pretty generally diffused a latent feeling that such work ought not to be done.

We grant that it is of prime importance to inculcate upon the general mind the sacredness of human life. But to double the number of instances in which life is needlessly taken, seems to us a very indirect mode of effecting this result. A better way might be to render human life inviolable in the common course of law,—to say even to the stern ministers of justice, "Ye shall not kill,"—to make proclamation to the magistrate concerning the murderer, "Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thy hand." But if the professed horror for murder is sincere on the part of the advocates of capital punishment, how is it that many of them are tolerant of murderers in high places of political trust? Yet are there many of our citizens who have not, at some time or other, cast their suffrages for a duellist, whose crime is attended by all those circumstances of premeditation and deliberate purpose, which make murder malignant and detestable! For ourselves, we would as soon vote for Beelzebub as for a duellist; nor can we regard the profession of reverence for human life as anything more than a traditionary formalism on the part of men who have ever been willing to elevate a murderer to the first place in the nation's gift.

It is now generally admitted that a Christian community has no right to leave out of its plans the reformation of its guilty members. But hanging the transgressor can do nothing towards his reformation; nor is the hurried interval between the sentence and its execution more favorable than an ordinary death-bed for the calm, quiet work of self-examination, deep, thorough contrition, and the conversion of the soul to God. We believe the religious professions of the gallows, in the great majority of instances, to be utterly baseless and farcical; for it must be next to impossible to concentrate upon a man, lying under an essentially vindictive punishment, the rays of Christian love, beneath which the stubborn heart may be melted and moulded anew. Wrath and mercy cannot be combined. Society cannot point with one finger to the gallows, and with the other to the cross. It is as hard to make Christians at the foot of the gallows as at the point of the bayonet. Men cannot be shut up to repentance as they are for the slaughter. And if they could be, how absurd the idea of first Christianizing men, and then slaying them!

We readily admit that the murderer should be precluded from the power of repeating his offence. We wish that every murderer in the country, every duellist, every assassin, were consigned to perpetual imprisonment. But the law of capital punishment multiplies the criminal's chances of escape, inasmuch as witnesses are more reluctant to bear full testimony, juries more ready to strain a point on the side of mercy, and chief magistrates more prone to exercise the pardoning power, than if the penalty were less awful.

We would by no means have the crime of murder treated lightly, or its punishment made a trifling affair. As there are some forms of madness which would forbid our ever trusting the patient at large, so there are some crimes so atrocious, that the perpetrator cannot be again received as a safe and reliable member of society. We would have the murderer sentenced to a civil death, irreversible, unless new evidence transpire to cast reasonable doubt upon his guilt, in the estimation of the highest judicial authority. We cannot but believe that the efficacy of this mode of punishment would be greater than that of the gallows in deterring other men from the same crime, and in branding it with ignominy in the eyes of the whole community. So much morbid sympathy is excited for the victim of the gallows, so uniform is the attempt to invest him with the *prestige* of sainthood and the crown of martyrdom, so many edifying stories are circulated concerning his contrition and resignation, so eager are a large class of religionists to make the steps of the scaffold seem the first rounds of the ladder from earth to heaven, that we cannot discern in this mode of punishment an adequate expression of the general horror for the highest social crime. Were the prisoner exhibited on a scaffold in his usual dress, made, in the sight of the multitude, to put on the parti-colored garments of the penitentiary, and then led away from their presence into what they knew would be a life-long solitude, broken only by the offices of necessary attendance and religious counsel, and then were it known all the while that there existed, not far from the scenes of human activity and gayety, such a penal colony of the living dead, we cannot but think that the effect upon the public mind would be more solemn, abiding and salutary than it can be under the present practice.

The certainty of punishment is of more importance than its form, so far as the effect on those who may become criminals is concerned. When the chances of escape bear a considerable proportion to those of conviction, as must be the case while capital punishment remains the law of the land, every criminal will expect himself to escape. The experiment of abolishing capital punishment has never yet been otherwise than successful and encouraging. Sir James Mackintosh filled for seven years the chief judicial office in Bombay, over a population of 200,000. He passed no sentence of death, and, during that period, the number of murders was but one third that of the preceding seven years, a result which he himself ascribed to greater certainty of punishment, and the absence of the demoralizing effects of public executions. In Belgium, capital punishment has been virtuallly abolished for more than twenty years, with the diminution by one half of the number of murders, which result those interested ascribe to the withdrawal of the brutalizing exhibitions of the gallows. In Tuscany, capital punishment was abolished from 1765 till that State became involved in the troubles of the French Revolution; and the result was, that for twenty years only five murders were committed within the Grand Duchy, while the crime had previously been frequent there, and continued to be so through the rest of Italy.

These are facts beyond dispute, and they correspond to what we should anticipate on *a priori* grounds. Violence begets violence. The effect of judicial murders must be hardening and brutalizing; and, in our own country, scarcely an execution has occurred from which some have not gone away, as if spell-bound, to commit outrageous crime or suicide.

Authority is no argument; but, as it has been common of late to identify the negative of this question with the more imbecile forms of philanthropy, we must be permitted to cite a small catalogue, not only of distinguished names, but of persons, whose character and position add weight to their opinions on this subject. Of those who have taken strong ground against capital punishment, we would name Howard and Mrs. Fry, the two persons in the whole world who have been the most intimate with crime and criminals; Beccaria and Montesquieu, the ablest of all modern writers on the theory and history of law, crime, and punishment; Blackstone and Mackintosh, men of the highest judicial eminence and wisdom; Fox and Pitt, among English statesmen of renown; Rush and Franklin, among the most judicious and experienced of the founders and fathers of our own republic. We name these men, not because they may not have been in the wrong in this matter, but because such advocates forbid the identification of opinions adverse to capital punishment with weakness, fanaticism or ultraism.

NEW ENGLAND COLDNESS.

The coldness of New England manners—the New England want of enthusiasm—the Puritanic formalism of New England;—phrases like these are often repeated. They describe qualities which travellers love to criticise; in which our neighbors find food for satire and an excuse for their dislike; and of which we ourselves are half ashamed. The people of the South and West cannot endure our manners; their merchants detest our ways of doing business; their lawyers cannot abide our Courts of Justice; and their scholars abhor the North American Review; and we, in our folly, are ready to accept this censure as well founded, and to wish that we might be rid of our ways and adopt theirs.

But all this is very silly. Even in the matter of social manners, we are by no means prepared to assume the superiority of other regions over New England. But however this may be, the manners of a people are the growth of their history, their habits and all their modes of thinking. They are not easily changed. To endeavor to imitate the manners of a people reared under entirely different influences, makes one absurd. When the cold, undemonstrative Englishman attempts to seize and copy the vivacious and frisky enthusiasm of the French, he becomes ridiculous. Whether the manners of the French or English be most desirable, is a question;—but it is certain that they cannot be exchanged. So with a New England and a Southern man. Each appears best, when he appears as he is.

The New Englander need not be troubled about the opinion of his neighbors. If he has no great enthusiasm of words, he has shown no want of it in deeds. If he says little about his chivalry and generosity, women are honored by him, the weak are protected, and few useful institutions suffer for want of his help. He does not choose to fight duels or to wear bowie knives, but when there is any real occasion for courage, enterprise, or the resolute and determined will, he has not been thought to be very deficient.

The coldness of the Northern manner arises in part from the fact that the people of New England have a history. For more than two hundred years they and their fathers have been accustomed to undertake and to accomplish very various, difficult and important enterprises. They may be allowed to be silent and reserved, for they have the past to speak for them. It is not necessary for them to proclaim their courage, or energy, or liberality. Their past history creates a certain self-respect and self-confidence, which is altogether opposed to a loud, forth-putting, pretentious boastfulness. We do not see the desirableness of change.

PROFESSIONAL.

In cases where a minister is called to perform religious services in families, is it asking too much of those who apply to him, to expect that they will apprise him, somewhat thoroughly, of the prominent facts touching the circumstances, relations, positions, and even the character of the parties in whose behalf he officiates? The instances where such information is needed occur more frequently, perhaps, at funerals; but they are also found at baptisms, marriages, and all those domestic occasions where special prayers are offered. Mistakes of a mortifying character are liable to happen at any time for the *want* of such an understanding. Inopportune allusions,—petitions impossible to be answered without a miraculous interposition,—things taken for granted as true that are by no means true—a state of affairs broadly presumed to exist which is quite foreign from the fact,—expressions used that call up painful, or grotesque, or ludicrous associations, because of their oblique bearings or positive blunderousness,—all these unfortunate errors are not uncommon in actual experience, because the officiating minister has not been put into possession of conspicuous points respecting the persons involved, and their affairs, which are yet generally known to other persons present.—We have ourselves attended funerals where all solemnity and devotion were utterly dissipated by the deviations from truth, or absolute violence done to somebody's feelings, by the unconscious misconceptions of an honest and grossly injured clergyman. One half of the company were squirming with uneasiness, perhaps, and the other half struggling to banish from before their minds some absurd image of incongruity.

Grossly injured, we say, such a clergyman is. Without his knowledge, and while he was kindly endeavoring in good faith to discharge an office of Christian sympathy, he has been led to make himself ridiculous. As the case may be, he has been led to expose himself to an imputation of saying false words about the dead or the living.

Is it taken for granted that the minister knows everything about all his parishioners, and all their family concerns? We answer, that it is impossible. Were it possible, no minister of any delicacy or decency regards it as a part of his vocation to be running about, getting information of the deceased, or to be prying into the private history of his parishioners while they are alive. Besides, every minister is liable to be summoned to render these services to strangers, whose relatives are also strangers; and he may thus be utterly ignorant of facts that among all the rest of the attendants are notorious.

Is it said that the minister is at liberty to draw out any facts it is necessary for him to know, by interrogations at the time? We reply, by asking what business he has, whenever he is invited to offer prayers at a burial, to inquire whether the parents of the deceased child are separated by a quarrel; or whether the wife of the departed husband is insane; or whether the deceased himself was a swindler, a debauchee, and a sore trial to his friends? The contrary is generally to be supposed, and yet the examples of each kind are not so very rare that it is quite safe to suppose the contrary, on all occasions, aloud, and in a miscellaneous assembly.

Or, is it urged that in cases of this character, the relatives will naturally shrink from disclosing truths so painful? If they have not confidence enough in their spiritual guide and Pastor to acquaint him fully with every such truth, however painful, they ought not to entrust him with the sacred duty of conducting the devotions at all.

We are not advocates of minute specifications, or very pointed and nice allusions in prayer.—The most devout as well as the most proper services on these occasions are in general language. In some cases, the propensity to needless detail is so excessive as to vulgarize the whole performance; while the wisest and most fervent preachers we have known, have shunned this particularity. But a little more thoughtfulness and attention on the part of the laity, when they apply to ministers for such services,—with a very few words of explanation, or even a remote hint as to any peculiarity, will relieve the minds of the latter, give a feeling of freedom and certainty in their task, and perhaps save them from the mischievous errors of misrepresenting the dead, or offending the survivors.

A Pure Taste. There is a nearer connection than is usually thought between purity of taste and purity of heart. So also between simplicity of taste, and the simplicity of a religious life, there is a very natural relationship. Sometimes a severe process of education supplies an artificial taste and an apparent simplicity, which pass for genuine. But they are only wax flowers, and never possess the charm which belongs to a true character.

French Gazette. Mr. Alfred Gaudalet has acted the part of a gentleman and an honest man. His conduct entitles him to especial praise as an example of commercial integrity. A few months ago, in company with another individual of his own nation, he started a small semi-monthly journal in Boston in the French language. After a few issues this failed. He now renews his project under better auspices, as we trust; and his first act is the very honorable one of offering the paper of which he is sole editor, to the subscribers of a paper of which he was one of two editors, and for the failure of which he was not wholly responsible, for such a length of time as shall form a fair return for all moneys received on the old accounts. Would that all business men had the same sensitive conscience. *La Gazette Francaise* is a sprightly, well printed, belles lettres paper. With a great many families where a French education has been commenced the taking or not taking such a journal as this may be very likely to decide the question, whether that education shall be continued or abandoned. Under the stimulus of a little newspaper coming into the house every few days, many young persons would keep up their familiarity with the French who otherwise would lose it altogether. To such persons we recommend Mr. Gaudalet's paper as being conducted with good taste and spirit.

[For the Register.]

THE CHEMISTRY OF A CANDLE.

Under this somewhat novel heading, there appears in a recent number of Dickens's "Household Words" so excellent a specimen of knowledge imparted in a pleasing dress, that we have thought it might prove an appropriate text, (as showing what *can* be done,) for a few brief observations upon the popular style of writing, at present so much in vogue. For the benefit of those who have not seen the article referred to, though we think their number must be limited after the extensive circulation afforded it by its re-print in Harper's New Monthly, we will premise that the chapter opens by introducing to the reader a family group, consisting of two brothers, a father, mother and uncle, to the latter of whom, one of the former, who had recently attended a course of Chemical Lectures by Professor Farraday, explains in the natural and earnest manner of youth, the chemical phenomena which are consequent upon, or induced by, the simple combustion of a candle. The chapter conveys more practical information upon the subject of oxygen, hydrogen and nitrous gases, the manner of their generation, and their effects on animal and vegetable life, than many a sizable volume on Chemistry; and the account of the little lecturer is interspersed with expressions of wonder and delight by his audience, which seem to keep up the delusion of a *story*, and to produce from one of the otherwise driest of subjects, in the popular notion, a chapter of singular attraction. The lesson to be learned from such a production of art from the scientific information obtained, is, the practicability of imparting valuable instruction, and important moral and religious precepts through an attractive medium, and thereby furnishing healthful and profitable food, which will also be palatable, for the satisfaction of the craving of popular appetite, which is now dependent for its gratification upon a class of publications, often low in moral, deficient in value, and saturated with a sickly sentimentality, their only apology being their capability to amuse.

The reason why moral tales, and books of stories, which aim to convey instruction in the arts, sciences, history, &c., are so unprofitable, failing to accomplish what is designed, and consequently, bringing the class of publications to which they claim to belong into disrepute, is, that they are most frequently written by mere *story writers*; that is, individuals who before the existing fashion of writing instruction and amusement, wrote narratives solely with a view of entertaining; but now, in endeavoring to satisfy the demand for something more, fill their pages with a "showy display of cheap learning," unskilfully handled; which, as the cheat is soon perceived by the public, who are frequently as keen in such matters as those better informed, necessarily causes a rejection of the book and its class, and a consequent resort to those light publications, which, pretending to nothing but amusement, fail not to afford that. It is undeniable, that scientific and literary articles, whether their dress be of scarlet or brown, require to be written by scientific and literary men, who, to their learning must add a faculty for familiar illustration, and humorous description. We remember a capital anecdote illustrative of the importance of story and novel writers understanding practically the facts of all kinds which they may have occasion to introduce. "Once upon a time," a lawyer found his son reading a book, and inquired what he was reading. "Clarissa Harlowe, sir," was the answer. "Absurd trumpery!" rejoined the governor: "I read it once myself—was as great a fool as you in my younger days—hope you'll mend." "Dont you think, sir," said the junior, "that there is a great knowledge of human nature displayed by the author?" "Human nature!" said the old man, "what has that to do with it? look at the will in the last chapter, you foolish boy; don't you see that there isn't a single point of it which can be supported?"

That such combinations of talent as we have described are rare, is an additional argument for their being searched out, cultivated, and employed, for the results thereof are most gratifying. Such an article as the one on Chemistry, while it evinces a thorough knowledge of the subject considered, and thereby gains confidence, gives it in just such language as an intelligent lad would employ, amuses by its sprightliness, and procures for it a perusal, in many an instance, where precisely the same facts less happily employed, would be turned over unread, and the time perhaps devoted to the merest trash. Herein lies the gist of the whole subject; *something must* be provided to supply the demand for popular reading matter, continually urged by the middle and lower classes, and the juvenile portion of the community: if sound information can be communicated along with the amusement required, it not only adds positively to the average morality and intelligence of the present and the rising generation, but prevents the formation of diseased and sickly fancies, immoral and infidel ideas, impure and dissolute habits; all of which are engendered in a greater or less degree, by the acres of execrable trash which are weekly foisted upon the community under the name of popular reading. But it should be remembered, that all attempts, by those incapable in either point, are rather hindrances than helps.

One first rate chapter like that alluded to in the commencement, extends further, and is read more, with greater profit, than a score of productions, where the faculty of adaptation, or the positive knowledge, is deficient. V.

[For the Register.]

The Unitarian Congregational Register.

Messrs. Editors,—I notice in the preface to this convenient and useful Manual for the present year, that a doubt is expressed whether its publication will be continued, on account of the limited patronage which it has received. For one, I should very much regret this result, and to prevent it, I would make the suggestion, that the Register be hereafter published by the Unitarian Association in a form like the present, done up in a strong cover, and circulated as a tract. The officers of that Association can more readily obtain the statistics which should be embodied in such a periodical; and besides, they can, if they choose, make it a vehicle of direct communication with the whole Unitarian body. It would serve to make the different portions of our body better acquainted with each other and more interested in each other's welfare. Those *at home* could have a better knowledge of the brethren who "are scattered abroad," and these, again, in their remote and isolated positions, would be benefited by obtaining a more extensive acquaintance with all the interesting facts pertaining to the denomination. A. D. W

Triennial Observance of the Mechanics' Charitable Association.

We have given elsewhere some accounts of the rich and extensive display of the curious inventions and wonderful products of human skill on exhibition during the last fortnight at the hall of the Mechanics' Fair. It was estimated that on a single afternoon,—that preceding the evening of the exhibition of fireworks—there were not less than ten thousand visiters. On the evening of Thursday, the 19th instant, we had the pleasure of attending the exercises of the sixth public observance of the Association. The order of services was as follows:—1. Voluntary upon the organ; 2. Chorus.—"Hail to thee, Liberty!"; 3. Prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Huntington; 4. Ode, by Epes Sargent:

The camp has had its day of song;
The sword, the bayonet, the plume
Have crowded out rhyme too long
The plough, the anvil and the loom!
O, not upon our tented fields
Are Freedom's heroes bred alone;
The training of the work-shop yields
More heroes true than War has known!

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
May, with a heart as valiant, smite,
As he, who sees a foeman reel
In blood before his blow of might!
The skill that conquers space and time,
That graces life, that lightens toil,
May spring from courage mere sublime
Than that, which makes a realm its spoil.

Let Labor, then, look up and see,
His craft no pith of honor lacks;
The soldier's rifle yet shall be
Less honored than the woodman's axe!
Let Art his own appeinment prize,
Nor deem that gold or outward height
Can compensate the worth that lies
In tastes that breed their own delight.

And may the time draw nearer still
When men this sacred truth shall heed,
That from the thought and from the will
Must all that raises man proceed!
Though Pride should hold our calling low,
For us shall Duty make it good;
And we from truth to truth shall go
Till life and death are understood.

5. Address by John S. Skinner, Esq.; 6. Solo and Chorus—"O'er Forest, O'er Mountain and Meadow," &c.; 7. Benediction, by Rev. A. L. Stone.

The address by Mr. Skinner, well known to the country as editor of "The Plough, the Loom and the Anvil," and also as a staunch friend of agriculture and the industrial arts generally, was very much what we had expected from the character of the man. The title of his paper would very well express the spirit and subject of this performance. Full of practical suggestions, with a strong backbone of clear argument, it was a compact, terse, vigorous plea for the doctrine of protection to native industry. It took the ground that for the greatest economical advantage of both producer and consumer, the two should exist in the utmost proximity. The first step in the history of value is production practically represented by agriculture. The second is conversion of the raw material, represented by mechanism. The third is exchange, represented by commerce. These several processes, to insure their highest perfection and best result, must go on side by side. The maxim of *buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest*, was visited by a storm of bitter sarcasm. A very striking contrast was drawn between north and south, especially Massachusetts and Virginia, growing out of the different practice between the two regions in respect to the association principle and home manufactures. What is known in the western country as the *Bee*, was said by Mr. Skinner to be the type of all prosperous associated industry. The orator deplored the blundering interference of ambitious political economist, who seems determined to disturb the natural and wholesome order of things in these respects, his conclusion being that though God made man upright, the politicians have sought out many inventions.

This pungent and lucid discourse, discovered both in theory and practice a conscientious regard to economy of time, being short. It was one of the most striking examples we ever noticed, of an address unaided by the slightest elocutionary skill or ornament of style, holding an audience in complete and fixed attention. Mr. Skinner is an elderly gentleman, though he has lost none of the fire of youth, while he shows that he has gained in depth and solidity by a long experience. He read his address with the manuscript between his eyes and his auditory.

After these services a generous entertainment elegantly spread on highly ornamented tables was given to members and invited guests at the Revere House. President Hooper presided with much dignity and urbanity, and appropriate speeches were made by several distinguished persons.

Fiftieth Anniversary of the Boston Female Orphan Asylum.

This occasion took place in the First Church, in Chauncy Place, on Friday, September twentieth. The inmates of the institution were present, and made a very interesting appearance in their blue dresses and straw bonnets, trimmed with blue ribbons.

It is the custom at each anniversary, to offer those children that have entered the institution during the preceding year for baptism. Twelve children were baptized on this occasion. The children were arranged with their backs to the pulpit in the front body pews, on seats temporarily provided for the purpose,—a device contributing to keep alive the memory of ancient usage. The prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Frothingham; the sermon was preached by Rev. F. D. Huntington, and there was singing both by the children and by the choir. We publish both the beautiful original hymns, the first by Rev. Dr. Frothingham, and the other by Epes Sargent, Jr.

The grand Sabbatic year,
The Hebrew jubilee,
With blast of trump and shout of cheer,
Set slave and debtor free.

Oh! how the dispossessed
Long languished for the Sign!
How joyed at last to see that best,
That fiftieth cycle shine!

But no such lingering ray
This charity awaits;
For every year and every day
It opens wide its gates.

It does not loose but hold;
It says not Go, but Come;
And gives the feeblest in its fold,
And builds the Orphan's home.

Oh! thanks for fifty years
Of Woman's pity shown!
For all it saved of Misery's tears,
And Ruin's heavier moan!

Shield Thou her fatherless,
O Father! we implore;
And make her efforts strong to bless
For years and ages more.

Who are the Fatherless indeed?—
Not those who home and raiment need;
But those who, having all beside,
Make not their God their Trust and Guide.

An earthly parent may be nigh,
And every wayward wish supply;
But, if our God they disobey,
The most forlorn of Orphans they.

In thy unfailing love, O Lord!
Are parents, kindred, all restored;
We need not fear, while serving Thee,
That we shall e'er forsaken be.

Oh! let thy grace on those descend,
Who, in thy cause, their labors lend
To train the Orphan's heart to bless
The Father of the Fatherless!

And may they find, with every year,
That Thou, in all their acts, art near
To shape them to an issue good;
And thine shall be the gratitude.

Mr. James's Lectures on Civilization. We doubt if the community is aware of the admirable course of lectures which Mr. James is delivering at the Masonic Temple. We do not hesitate to say, that it is one of the most thoroughly prepared and able courses to which we ever listened, and that it gives one a higher idea of Mr. James's general abilities than any of his writings. He has made the History of Civilization the study of his life. His various historical works and his novels, are but the fruit of these studies, while in these lectures are condensed the philosophical results to which he has arrived. Many who have regarded Mr. James merely as a novelist, may think us extravagant. But we believe that if these lectures were published, they would be thought to rank on the same general level with those of Guizot. Those who miss hearing them, may be assured that they are losing something of substantial value; that it is rare for a course of lectures on such a subject to be delivered by one who possesses to such an extent the learning, the good sense and the historical eye, which enable him to treat it with wisdom. Besides the intrinsic merit of the lectures, Mr. James is an unusually good and effective extemporaneous speaker. His auditory has steadily increased from the beginning, and the value of his lectures needs only to be known, to ensure a crowded attendance.

[For the Register.]

"WHAT IS THE USE?"

"*Tis no use*, and I shall not try to learn it,' said an impatient little boy, throwing his book down upon the table.

'What is of no use, Henry?' said his mother, who was watching him.

'This hard lesson in Geography. Mother, about Egypt and Syria. I do n't care any thing about these places, nor who lives there, and never shall go there, so what is the use of learning about them? I believe people write hard books just to make children study them, and grow cross.'

'Now you are unreasonable, my son—but bring me the book, and let me look at this disagreeable lesson.'

'O Mother, you wont think it hard—you do n't have to study and learn lessons now.'

'My child, there are many lessons, and hard ones too, that are to be learned and practised each day, by every one.'

'You, too, Mother? what are they, will you tell me?'

'We must learn to be kind, gentle, patient and useful—watchful over our temper, that we do not grow violent, sullen, or revengeful—study our own characters, and those of others, that we may know how to live a good example to others, and to profit by what we see excellent in them. These are not easy lessons, Henry, and old and young alike must learn them.'

'But not you, Mother, you are so good now.'

'No Henry, I have not done learning yet, and your inattention and perverseness this morning has given *me* a lesson. I have been grieved, and almost angry at your want of application, and impatient too, as I wished to devote this morning to other purposes, and desired to have a long pleasant walk. Of this, your conduct has deprived me—and I must learn to bear this little trial with patience, and try and persuade you to be more attentive in future.'

'O Mother, I am so very sorry,' said Henry, tears starting to his eyes. 'I will try again now, and perhaps you can go.'

'Not this morning, my son; but now we will read this book-lesson.'

'But, Mother, what use is it for me to study all this, if I never want to go to Egypt, and do n't care who lives there?'

'Some time, you may have occasion to go, when you are a man, and you would appear very foolish if you, never having paid attention to Geography, should tell your friends, you should take the Panama steamer for Egypt, or not having studied the history of the country, should suppose it was governed by our President, or Queen Victoria. But do you not remember any thing about Egypt—what an old country it is, and who lived there, thousands of years before Britain or America was discovered?'

'O Mother, why Joseph and his brothers lived in Egypt,—is this the very same place?'

'Yes, the same.'

'O, I thought that was so long ago, that nobody knew any thing about the place now.'

'O yes, it is the same country it was then—and the same river, by the side of which Moses was hid in his basket of bulrushes, still fertilizes the whole land by its waters.'

'The Nile, Mother, do you mean the great river? I know just where it is on the map—and is this the very same, where the little baby was left all alone, and his sister stood out of sight to watch him? O I am so glad to know it, I shall like Egypt now, Mother. But what is the use to study Latin and French, and all the big books Fanny and George have—and Arithmetic too, such very hard sums? I do n't think I shall study them if I do go to Egypt, when I am a man.'

'If you did not understand Arithmetic, you could not tell how many miles you travelled, how much money you would spend,—how far you were from home, the day of the month, nor the time you would return. If you did not understand Grammar, you could not write home—intelligible letters home—to your friends, you would make sad mistakes which would mortify you and us all, very much. The French language is spoken in other countries, much more than the English, and though you might possibly contrive to travel through Europe, without speaking any language but English, yet you would be deprived of many agreeable acquaintances, and many sources of useful information. So my son—you must certainly study French, if you mean to be a traveller. And Latin too, for many of the monks and priests who entertain travellers, in these far away countries, will talk to you in Latin, and their valuable old books are written in it—and monuments and inscriptions in the fine old churches are in Latin, for it is presumed that all well educated men will understand them.'

'O Mother dear, how much we do have to learn—and it is all of use too. But I can never study so much.'

'It has not to be done all at once, my child; years are given you to acquire this knowledge—if you choose to improve the time.'

'Then Mother I will read this lesson over three times more—then I must know I can say it, but I have learned a great many lessons too, besides what is in the book, hav'n't I?'

'Yes my son, and Mother too, I hope, and we will both try and remember them, so that they may be of use to us, another time.' A. A.

Christian Times.—Will the Christian Times be so good as to take back its gratuitous and mistaken assertion in regard to the Atonement and Dr. Webster? The Congregational Journal has published the true statement of facts, and thereby shown its fairness. Is the Christian Times absolved from the common obligations of truth and justice? Having brought a grave charge against a clergyman of a different denomination, is it above taking it back, when it is shown to be false? From the editors of that paper we should expect better things, especially from the one who was formerly our neighbor and not then distinguished for sectarian bitterness.

A Blind Lady. Mrs. S. H. DeKroyft, we understand, is now in this city, soliciting purchasers for a book which she has just published, entitled, "A Place in thy Memory." She was "in one month, a bride, a widow, and blind." We have been deeply affected by her story, and interested in her book. It may teach a lesson of devout and cheerful trust to many more fortunate than herself, and they who purchase it, may be sure not only that they are taking home a book unexceptionable in its tone, but that they are at the same time doing good to a most unfortunate, but deserving woman.

Children's Mission. The following note was received by the Superintendent of the Hancock Sunday School, and by him transmitted with fifty dollars and a bundle of clothing to the undersigned, Treasurer, Childrens' Mission.

B. H. Greene.

Milton Hill, Sept. 12th, 1850.

Dear Sir,—As our little girls were unable to get into the Sunday School and contribute their share towards the support of the "Children's Mission," we proposed to them to ask the children on Milton Hill to join them — and form a Society for the purpose of making clothes for very young poor. This bundle of clothing has been cut and made *entirely* by fourteen *Misses*, all under sixteen years of age—and they have just had a private sale of things made by them—the proceeds of which, they take great pleasure in transmitting to you, for Mr. and Mrs. Barry—Missionaries for Poor Children of Boston.

Very truly yours, C. & M. E. R.

News from the Churches.

Bangor, Me. Rev. Joseph H. Allen, of Washington, has accepted the call of the Unitarian Society in Bangor.

Newburyport. Mr. Charles J. Bowen, late of the Cambridge Divinity School, has accepted the invitation to be settled at Newburyport.

Easton. Rev. Wm. A. Whitwell has been invited to preach at Easton for a year.

Rockford, Ill. Mr. Winsor, late of the Meadville Divinity School, has accepted the invitation to preach at Rockford for the coming year.

Ministry to the Poor in Charlestown. Rev. Mr. Everett, formerly of Northfield, has commenced his labors as Minister to the Poor in Charlestown under very favorable auspices.

This ministry is supported by Rev. Mr. Ellis's Society.

Peterboro, N. H. We understand that Rev. Liberty Billings has resigned his office as pastor of the Congregational Society in Peterboro, N H.

Notices of New Publications.

The Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In Two Volumes. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. Boston: J. H. Francis. 1850.

This new volume contains all of Mrs. Browning's poems, and among them several, of no great value however, which have not before been published in this country. The work is handsomely printed and makes a beautiful library edition.

Had she more artistic skill, a nicer sense of the beautiful in form, and a better judgment in regard to what ought to be rejected, we should without a moment's hesitation place her, with the single exception of Tennyson, at the head of all living English poets. Her thoughts seem at once to be transformed into emotions. She describes Petrarch as possessing a "brain-lit heart." We are not certain but that the words apply better to herself. Whatever she writes is irradiated with thought. But the great characteristics of her genius, are a passionate earnestness, a self-abandonment to emotions which have sprung from thought, and a penetrating insight which flashes into the concealments of things and reveals what is hid beneath the surface. There is a strange sadness in her writings, which magnetizes the reader. The great lesson which she inculcates may be found in two of her own lines:—

"Knowledge by suffering entereth;
And life is perfected by death."

She seems to have written, as she describes the "Rhyme of the Duchess May" to have been read—seated in a church-yard, under the sound of the tolling bell,

"In the belfry, one by one, went the ringers from the run,
Toll slowly!
And the oldest ringer said, "Ours is music for the Dead,
When the rebecks are all done."

Then I sat beneath the tree, and the bell tolled solemnly,
Toll slowly!
While the trees and rivers' voices, flowed between the solemn noises,
Yet death seemed more loud to me.

There I read this ancient rhyme, while the bell did all the time
Toll slowly!
And the solemn knell fell in with the tale of life and sin
Like a rhythmic fate sublime.

It seems amazing that the author of "Cowper's Grave," of "Bertha in the Lane," "The Romance of the Swan's-nest," "The Cry of the Children," should be left to write as she sometimes does. She has a propensity, often seen in children, to catch and copy whatever is strange and fantastic. Her style is full of imitative affectations. One of her best pieces is called the "Cry of the Human;" and in it she talks of "God's divine." She insists on making the "ed" of the past participle a separate syllable. She writes "Ladye" instead of lady, and thinks "Margret" and "Isobel" more poetical than Margaret and Isabel. Affectations like these mar all but her best pieces, and worse than these are strange contortions of phrase which only half express their meaning. It is only when she is powerfully moved—when the up-bursting passion sweeps away these superficial fancies, that she is rid of these blemishes; and in her smaller poems, the excellence of which must always depend so much on the form, these defects are like a crack in a costly vase.

But in spite of all qualifications, she is a true poet. In her better productions, there is an earnestness, a passionate movement, a strength of imagination, and a penetrating quality of thought, which sets her quite apart from the other writers of the day.

Yet in saying this, we do not mean to class her among the highest order of poets. As compared with Wordsworth, for example, you feel that she is deficient in that weight and breadth of thought—that enlarged view of life, which is as essential to the highest poetry as to the highest philosophy. Wordsworth moves in a path of calm radiance along the summits of the hills, and from that high level looks with a commanding vision to the East and the West. Mrs. Browning is like one of the streams which plunges down the side of the mountain, now sinking into dark glens, and then flashing into the open sunlight, winding now through thickly verdured woods, over cool, moss covered rocks, and around the roots of ancient trees, and now gliding through fields and meadows and revealing itself by the richer herbage that bends over it,—but always confined within a narrow pathway.

The truth is, that since the time of Cowper, there has been no such dearth of poetry as now. The poets who have made the earlier part of the nineteenth century memorable, were men, not merely of poetical sensibility, but of large and commanding powers of mind, who would have been eminent in other walks, had they not chosen to give utterance to themselves through verse. Byron, Scott, Moore, Coleridge, Southey, Shelley, Campbell, Wordsworth, Crabbe, Keats, were men of great intellectual force and originality. They were creators. We have sunk to a lower strata. It is now an age of repetition, of imitation—a silver age, of polish and refinement—which lives on the crums which have fallen from these rich men's tables. Instead of the passion of Byron, we have the sentimentalisms of Milnes; instead of Wordsworth's thought, we have Browning's superficial, quiddlin refinements of thought; instead of Scott's absolute re-creation and embodiment of the past, we have Macaulay's rhetorical description of the past. With one or two exceptions, there is no living English poet who can be placed above the third or fourth rank. The throne is vacant. The suns of song have gone down; and it is only because of the general darkness, that so many farthing candles as there are among our "modern poets," are visible. Mrs. Browning, however, though by no means to be numbered among these few great names, would in any period of English literature, have been a marked and observable person.

It is impossible to give a just idea of her works, by any brief extracts. Such extracts show her defects without revealing her power. Her great merit lies not in graceful terms of expression, nor in melody of verse, nor in especial felicity of imagery, but in a vehement, self-abandoning intensity of emotion, which gives unity to her best pieces, and which fails to express itself through a fragment. We quote the following sonnets not only because they possess something of her more remarkable characteristics, but because we presume that few of our readers have ever seen them.

TEARS

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving! lighter, none befell
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing: At her marriage-bell
The bride weeps: and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills, the poet hath forgot
That moisture on his cheeks. Commend the grace,
Mourners, who weep! Albeit, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded, in a desert place,
And touch but tombs,—look up! Those tears will run
Soon, in long rivers, down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

GRIEF.

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless—
That only men incredulous of despair.
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air,
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
In souls, as countries, lieth silent—bare
Under the blenching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death;
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless wo,
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath!
Touch it! the marble eyelids are not wet—
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

SUBSTITUTION.

When some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence 'gainst which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope? What help? What music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh—
Not reason's subtle count! Not melody
Of viols, nor pipes that Pannus blew—
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress-trees
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted—nor the angels' sweet All hails,

Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
Speak THOU, availing Christ!—and fill this pause.

COMFORT.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet—
As if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing! As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood forevermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

There is very great inequality in Mrs. Browning's poems; but any one who will read those to which we have particularly referred above, or the "Lay of the Brown Rosarie," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," or "A Vision of Poets," can not doubt that she is gifted with a rare poetic genius. There are writers perhaps with a broader vision,—there are many who possess far more dexterity and taste in the management of their materials; in her tone of feeling there is something morbid, and her thoughts are shut within a somewhat confined horizon, yet after making all these abatements, and with a full sense of their magnitude, we should not hesitate to place her side by side with one or two others, as possessing the richest endowment of genius among all those poets who are now on the stage as candidates and competitors for the laurel crown.

FIVE YEARS OF A HUNTER'S LIFE IN THE FAR INTERIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA. By R. G. Cumming, Esq., of Altyne. With Illustrations. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. Sold in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

To all lovers of the adventurous, the daring, the exciting,—to all who delight in vivid sketches of wild sports, exploring expeditions, new countries, perilous escapes, strange animals and half barbarous men, these volumes will furnish a feast of fat things,—the very fattest. They contain a great deal of information in natural history, and show a mind possessed of an absolute passion for watching the habits of every kind of living thing. They are written in a vivid, sketchy style, and being mostly composed among the scenes they describe, contain little spare matter. The straight-forward, vigorous and simple language of the dedication is alone enough to conciliate the reader's regard for one of the most remarkable amateur huntsmen of this or any other age.

THE ART OF CONVERSING. Written for the Instruction of Youth in the Polite Manners and Language of the Drawing Room. By a Society of Gentlemen. Ninth Edition. Boston.

A very diminutive volume, prettily bound. We are left to the darkest surmises as to the composition of the "Society of Gentlemen," whose co-operation has enriched literature with this production. The fact that the work has reached the ninth edition would seem to indicate that some people are as fond of reading about talk as of talk itself. It is one of a class of books that we despise. A larger allowance of bad manners and awkward speech would be more tolerable than this formal, stupid, conceited sort of advice, or than the ghastly style of intercourse it would produce, if it had vital force enough to produce anything.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, AT THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING IN CINCINNATI. May 8, 1850. By John C. Warren, M. D.

This may be considered in part a review of Dr. Warren's medical experience, and on this account as well as others, possesses an unusual interest. Our medical brethren may refer with just pride to the improvements in their art which the last half century has witnessed, and in no way are they made so evident as in a record of the personal observation of one who has for so long a period held so distinguished a place in his profession. Dr. Warren never omits an opportunity in addressing the public, to direct attention to the means of preserving health. The address is admirably printed by Wilson, and cannot fail to be universally read by those interested in the medical profession.

THE TRUMPET ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—We do not wish to enter into a prolonged controversy on this subject, and therefore cannot reply particularly to the remarks of the Trumpet. We have thought it well and for the present sufficient to place before our readers the general grounds of the argument on both sides, and there to leave it.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is a matter of common remark, particularly with strangers who come amongst us, that we are eminently a travelling people. Yankees are always on the move; they cannot keep still. During the past summer, this characteristic has shown itself in a remarkable degree. Boston itself has been almost deserted of its own proper inhabitants, while every week large swarms of people from the country around, have poured into the city to see its lions and gaze upon its wonders. Some one of the numerous panoramas was usually the ostensible motive for the visit of the party, but when once here, they made the tour of the lions of the place—the top of the State House and Bunker Hill Monument, coming in for a large share of patronage. Not only have these parties visited us from the country, but they have come from other cities. It is not long since a large party arrived from Montreal including many members of its city government, to see among many other curiosities Burr's Seven Mile Mirror. This last week the compliment has been returned. On Wednesday last a party, numbering 1350, started from Boston for Montreal and Quebec. The arrangements were made by Mr. Burr, and the fare for those who joined the party was advertised at five dollars for the trip to Montreal and back, and seven dollars to Quebec and back. The above number we are told joined the party, and the papers say that the good people of Montreal have been making extensive preparations to receive their Boston visitors; that Indian games and other amusements will be exhibited, for the edification of the Yankees. Whether the games are got up for the benefit of the visitors or the visitors are going because the games will take place, we know not. It seems that this new notion of travelling in large parties, at reduced rates, is not confined to Boston. The late European papers bring us accounts of crowds of Parisians visiting London in a body and of Londoners going in like manner to Paris. But they do these things differently there. The prime mover of the party, the Frenchman for example, who advertises to get it up, engages not only to get the travellers to London and home again, at a certain low rate, but to cater for them in every respect; he promises, "railways and steamers thither and back, a week's sojourn, lodging, breakfasts, dinners, theatres, parks, pleasure gardens, monuments, interpreters, expenses on the way, repasts, carriage of luggage, *the famous dinner at Greenwich*, &c., &c.," at a price which is most temptingly low. No less than 1400 Frenchmen lately came to London in a single train in this way, says a late English paper. The trip is advertised under the name of Voyage de Luxe.

——The Jennylindian fever, symptoms of which have shown themselves pretty decidedly for a week past in our community, broke out with great virulence last Wednesday, and is still raging. If it is attended with delirium, as very possibly it may be, we dare not predict the result or say how much and how long continued pecuniary deflection will be necessary to control it. The first ticket to Jenny Lind's first concert in this city, was sold at auction on Wednesday, for the *moderate* sum of six hundred and twenty-eight dollars, six hundred and twenty-five dollars being the premium for the choice. It has been estimated that the proceeds of the sale of all the tickets cannot vary far from 25,000 dollars.—This is certainly an indication of high fever.

—— We learn from the New York Journal of Commerce that 3000 Hungarians are making preparations to emigrate to this country *in* a body. Alexander Lukacs, a member of the revolutionary Congress of Hungary, and Commissioner of the Hungarian army, arrived in New York a few days since, from Hungary via England. He is empowered to purchase a large tract of land for 3000 of his countrymen from Central Hungary,—stout, robust men, and nearly all farmers. The amount of land required, is 10,000 to 100,000 acres; and if even a larger contiguous tract of good land can be had, say in Illinois or Iowa, or any other North Western State, it would not be objected to on account of its extent. Mr. Lukacs is one of the eleven persons who were outlawed by General Windischgratz, in December, 1848, when he entered Hungary at the head of the Austrian army.

—— Ammin Bey, the Turkish ambassador, has been presented to President Fillmore. Congress has appropriated $10,000 for his entertainment, while in this country.

——The news from California of the last week is of a most serious nature. Riots and bloodshed have taken place of such an alarming character as almost to wear the appearance of civil war. It appears that there are two parties in California; one are called squatters, or those who have settled upon lands of which they have bought no title, but which they found wild and untenanted: the other party are styled landholders and claim tracts of land of greater or less extent, upon some of which, the squatters have settled and commenced mining operations. The landholders, though not necessarily the present occupiers or improvers of the land, claim under titles derived from various sources, either from earlier residents or discoverers, or from the government. Collisions between the two classes have long been anticipated, for the squatters had absolutely refused to leave their lands at the direction of the landholders. From the late California papers we learn that a case had been decided in Court against the squatters, which highly exasperated them. Two of their comrades were imprisoned, and attempts were made to liberate the prisoners, Reinforcements joined each side and a sort of general battle ensued. The mayor of the city of Sacramento, where the riot occurred, was killed, or rather mortally wounded, at the head of the forces of the city, and one Dr. Robinson, the leader of the squatters, was shot, leading his own party. Neither party obtained a decided victory. Martial law had been proclaimed and a steamer despatched from Sacramento to Benicia to obtain assistance from the United States troops. The squatters threatened to burn the city, and fears are felt that they have done so. It is impossible to tell to what this outbreak may lead. The news by the next arrival is anxiously looked for, and we may hope that it will bring us tidings of restored peace and quiet. As a sort of contrast to the above, the Tract Society's colporteur in California writes that the observance of the Sabbath is decidedly improving on the Pacific. The first fruits of Christian effort are seen in the suppression of Sabbath desecration in gambling, bull-baiting and horse racing. The Spanish population are represented to be not only accessible, but they plead for Protestant books. A large instalment of Protestant books in Spanish are called for.

——There is nothing of great importance from Europe, during the last week. France is apparently quiet but everybody is predicting a storm; and the longer and more profound the quiet, the severer the tempest when it does come. A petition of rather a singular nature for irreligious France is circulating for signatores at Marseilles. It is one which prays the National Assembly to pass a law against cursing and swearing. 'You have protected animals from ill treatment,' says the petition, 'and can you permit the name of the Lord to be outraged with impunity in France!' M. Lamartine has announced the publication of another volume of his 'Confidences.' It appears that the sale of the previous volumes, large as it was, has not enabled him to pay his creditors and redeem, as he hoped to do, his family estate, 'It is in vain,' he says, 'that I have given to the wind these leaves, torn from the book of my most pious souvenirs; the time which the price of them enabled me to purchase, has not sufficed to conduct me to the threshold of the residence in which we regret no more! My *charmettes* are about to be sold! Let my critics be content. I have the shame of having published these 'Confidences,' and I have not the joy of having saved my garden. Strangers will go to efface from it the footsteps of my mother. But God is God. He sometimes orders the wind to uproot the oak of one hundred years, and man to uproot his own heart. The oak and the heart are His, they must be given up to Him! and with them, in addition, justice, glory, and praises!"

A GIGANTIC CHIMNEY. It was announced some time since, that the New England Glass Company, at East Cambridge, were about to erect an immense chimney, to take the place of a group of smaller ones. The work has now reached its contemplated altitude, and is undoubtedly the loftiest structure of the kind in the United States, being ten feet higher than the Bunker Hill Monument. Its form is an octagon, and erected of brick upon a massive granite foundation of 36 feet in diameter. Its height is 230 feet; at the base of the brick work it measures, from the angles, 25 feet diameter; and at the top, 13 feet diameter. It required for its erection 100 cubic yards of granite and 800,000 bricks.

EMIGRATION FROM NORWAY. An exchange paper makes the following statement; we know not upon what authority.

In Norway, it is estimated that the number of persons who are preparing to emigrate to America, amounts to 20,000, being two per cent. of the entire population of the Kingdom. From the commune of Loelag alone, which contains 5195 inhabitants, 663 are about to embark for New York

A NEW BURNING GAS IN ENGLAND. The town of Southport, England, has, for nine months past, been splendidly lighted up through the whole of its extent, by Mr. White's patent hydrogen carbon gas, made from rosin or tar, and water, no coal being used except to heat the retorts. It is stated that in brilliancy and purity, the gas is decidedly superior to that from coal, and it is produced at a much less price, perhaps at about one-half

Children and young people must be made to hold their heads up and shoulders back while standing, sitting or walking. The best beds for children are of hair, or, in winter, of hair and cotton.

MONEY FROM CALIFORNIA. Commodore Jones estimates that California will yield fifty million dollars worth of gold next year.

A NEW FORM OF ASSOCIATION. The last London Athenæum has an article on a new system of clubbing, lately introduced into Paris. It is a Frenchman's device for obtaining the greatest amount of amusement at the cheapest rate. The article says;

"The doctrine of Association spreads among our neighbors. The last instance of it is not unamusing. A spirited hotel keeper, who holds the theories of Proudhon and Louis Blanc to be destructive of society, has, nevertheless, perhaps without suspecting it, taken a hint from the socialists. Pleasure, not business, is however in this case the object of association,—the special purpose being to enjoy for a week, at the moderate rate of 175 francs, about 35 dollars, all the luxuries of Paris. This new and temporary form of the club is very curious. The bill of fare we translate as follows: "Meals and lodging to be taken at the celebrated Hotel des Painces, Rue Richelieu. The evenings to be spent in the first places of the leading theatres, concerts, and public gardens; the days to be occupied in visiting the public monuments, palaces, gardens, libraries, museums &c., &c., and several large private establishments. Visits to the museum and park of Versailles, going and coming in first class places by the railway. The transport from place to place in Paris to be in carriages expressly engaged for the use of the company."

An appropriate name for such an association would be the Epicurian Club. We shall expect before long to see advertisements, headed, "a week of high life and pleasure obtained here, on the most reasonable terms."

ORIGIN OF NANTUCKET.—As many of the citizens of this Isle of the Sea, may be ignorant of its origin, or how it was formed, we give below an Indian tradition, which we believe to be the truth. If any of the present inhabitants can prove it to be false we should be pleased to hear from them.

On the West end of Martha's Vineyard, are high cliffs of variegated colored earths, known by the name of Gay Head. On the top of the hill is a large cavity which has the appearance of the crater of an extinguished volcano, and there are evident marks of former subterraneous fires. The Indians, who live about this spot, have a tradition that a certain Deity resided there before the Europeans came to America—that his name was Manshop, that he used to step out on a ledge of rocks, which run into the sea, and take up a whale which he broiled for his own eating in the coals of the aforesaid volcano, and often invited the Indians to dine with him or gave them the relics of his meal. That once to show their gratitude to Manshop for his very great kindness to them, they made an offering to him of all the tobacco which grew upon the island for one season. This was scarcely enough to fill his great pipe, but he received the present very graciously, smoked his pipe and turned out the *ashes of it into the sea*, which formed the *Island of Nantucket*. Upon the coming of the Europeans into America, Manshop retired in disgust and has never since been seen. [Boston Transcript.

SENATOR BERRIEN'S REASONS FOR HIS VOTE ON THE TEXAS BOUNDARY. The Hon. Senator from Georgia, in a letter to a mass convention, lately held in Macon, Georgia, gives the following as his reasons for having voted in favor of the adjustment with Texas.

1. As evincing a disposition to conciliation, which *strengthened our cause.*
2. Because Texas, as a sovereign State, was the party entitled to decide a question of the disposal of her own territory. If any State had interfered between us and the United States, in our cession of 1802, I would have considered it intrusion.
3. Because the territory to be ceded would become a part of New Mexico, and free from the Proviso.
4. Principally, because relieving Texas from her debt, it would develope her energies, and I consider a strong slaveholding State in that quarter as of incalculable importance in itself, and *necessarily leading to the transformation of others.*

LARGE CASTING. The casting of the large bed plate for the new Havre steamer Humboldt, took place yesterday afternoon, at the Novelty Works, in presence of a large company of ladies and gentlemen. Several cauldrons or reservoirs filled with the molten metal were placed at equal distances from the mould. At the appointed hour the gates or escapes of the reservoir were opened, and out rushed the glowing metal along the various channels into the mould, roaring and hissing and throwing off showers of fiery hail in its course. In a very short space of time the mould was charged, and the gas making its escape, shot up through the surface in hundreds of bright flames. It will be, probably, two or three weeks before the casting will be sufficiently cool to allow the various parts to be removed. [N. Y. E. Post.

A NEW USE OF INDIA RUBBER. We have seen from the office of Mr. A. G. Badger, No. 181 Broadway, one of the most beautiful and clear toned flutes that we ever saw. It was an eight keyed instrument, finished in an elegant manner; but what is most curious about it, is the material of which it is made, which is nothing else than India rubber. Mr. Goodyear having succeeded in working up that substance to any degree of consistency, Mr. Badger now applies it to the manufacture of musical instruments. He is the maker of the celebrated Boehm flute, and thinks that the new material produces a richer and finer tone than either wood, ivory, or glass. It has the additional advantage that it will not crack from the effects of water or the weather, nor expand by heat. [N. Y. Evening Post.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE. The following brief statement of the career of Louis Phillippe is taken from the New York Courier and Inquirer. It is a graphic and not exaggerated account of the extraordinary vicissitudes in the life of one of the most extraordinary men of the present age.

"One of the most eventful careers in all human life has just terminated. The heir of one of the oldest and most respectable famly lines in Europe—in his infancy a pet of the most brilliant courts in the world—in his boyhood the pupil of one of the most intellectual women of her age—in his youth the member of a revolutionary Assembly and the door keeper of a Jacobin club—a Brigader General achieving distinction in hard fought battles—a narrow escaper from the guillotine, and a pennyless fugitive—an obscure pedagogue, under a false name, in a petty Swiss village—a homeless wanderer on foot over the bleak wastes of Norway and Finland—an emigrant to the United States, where he encountered every danger and suffered every hardship—a quiet resident on the banks of the Thames—a sojourner among the royal courts of the south of Europe—again the recipient of honors in his own native land—again at the head of an army, and again an outlaw and an exile—again restored and living for years in the tranquil enjoyment of private life—by the events of a day the sovereign of the second kingdom in the world, and the master to twice the wealth of ROTHSCHILD—for half a generation the man of the highest mark on the thrones of Europe, alike controlling the destinies of the realm and the policy of the continent, working out the aggrandizement of his dynasty with a dexterity that was never baffled, and wearing, as it seemed, a charmed life over which bullets and all the infernal machines human wit could invent had no power—suddenly a fugitive amid a thousand dangers, stealing from his country in disguise and unutterable wretchedness—lastly, an exile, bowed down with age and disappointment, and sinking into a foreign grave, uncheered by a single hope for his country or his lineage! Where is the life that has teemed with such vicissitudes as this? Who is the man that has tasted the deceitfulness and the vanity of all sublunary things more completely than LOUIS PHILIPPE!"

NEWSPAPERS IN CHINA. A newspaper is now printed in China, called the *Pekin Monitor*. It is in the Chinese language, and is the first paper ever published in the celestial empire.

IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION. The following is the law as presented to the jury by Judge McLean in a recent suit for damages brought against Leander Newton and others for harboring and concealing runaway slaves. The case is reported in the Western Law Journal.

The State of Indiana, May Term, 1850. John Norris, *vs.* Leander Newton, *et. al.*

1. Under the Constitution of the United States, the master of fugitives from labor may arrest them wherever they shall be found, if he can do so without a breach of the peace, and take them back to the State from which they fled.
2. A State Judge, on proper affidavit being made, may issue a writ of habeas corpus, and inquire into the cause of detention.
3. The affidavit of a colored person is sufficient for this purpose.
4. Every person within the jurisdiction of a State owes to it an allegiance. He is amenable to the laws of the State, and the State is bound to protect him in the exercise of his legal rights.
5. When it appears by the return of the habeas corpus, that the fugitives are in the legal custody of the master, and the facts of the return are not denied, there is an end to the jurisdiction of the State Judge.
6. His jurisdiction is special and limited.
7. When it appears the fugitives are held under the authority of the Union, it is paramount to that of the State.
8. And so when an individual is held under the authority of a State, the Federal Judiciary have no power to release the person so held.
9. If the return to the habeas corpus be denied, the master must prove that his custody of the slave is legal.
10. If he fail to do this, or make an insufficient return, the State Judge may release the fugitives.
11. But the master may subsequently arrest them and prove them to be his slaves.
13. The master, though he may arrest without any exhibition of claim, or judicial sanction, when required must show a right to the services of the fugitives.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. The following is the Bill, which has lately passed the Senate and House of Representatives for the suppression of the traffic in Slaves in the District of Columbia.

A bill to Suppress the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia.

SECT. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the first day of January next, it shall not be lawful to bring into the district of Columbia any slave whatever, for the purpose of being sold, or for the purpose of being placed in depot, to be subsequently transferred to any other State or place, to be sold as merchandise. And if any slave shall be brought into the said district by its owner, or by the authority or consent of its owner, contrary to the provisions of this act, such slave shall thereupon become liberated and free.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That it shall and may be lawful for each of the corporations of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, from time to time, and as often as may be necessary, to abate, break up, and abolish any depot or place of confinement of slaves brought into the said District as merchandise, contrary to the provision of this act, by such appropriate means as may appear to either of the said Corporations expedient and proper. And the same power is hereby vested in the levy court of Washington county, if any attempt shall be made within its jurisdictional limits, to establish a depot or place of confinement of slaves brought into the said District as merchandise for sale contrary to this act.

In connection with the above it may be well to read the following account of one of the scenes, which sometimes occur in the Capital of our Country. It is taken from the Washington Republic, and is headed "RUNAWAY SLAVES."

There was a tolerably pretty race in some of our streets yesterday morning between two handcuffed negroes and sundry other folks, the history of which we will relate.

Two negro men, belonging to Hon. Mr. Colcock, of South Carolina, whom he had brought from his home to wait upon himself and family in this city, made their escape from him two or three months ago, and after diligent search, were found a few weeks since, where they had been secreted, by the servants of R. S. Coxe, Esq., in the manner described at that time. They were then placed in the jail for safe-keeping, where they remained until yesterday morning, when Mr. Colcock and a young gentleman (his nephew, we believe, who was about to depart for the South) took them from the custody of the jailor and started towards the Southern mail-boat. Two hacks were employed for the purpose, in the first of which the gentleman rode, and in the other the negroes, who were handcuffed together.

On the avenue, near Ninth st., the hack stopped and Mr. Colcock and his friends went into a store to purchase another pair of handcuffs, for the better securing their charge; the hack in which the negroes rode taking position outside of the other. This looked like a chance for escape, and the door of the hack was soon open, and the negroes gone! In a moment the alarm was given but never did darkies scamper so swiftly! The two gentlemen pursued, the hue and cry was raised, and everybody joined in the race, though few knew why. The handcuffs were not observed, and it was wondered by many how close the contest was! At length the younger of the principal pursuers was gaining close upon the fugitives, when one of them lifted a stone or brickbat, and would have levelled him to the earth, had not some other person done the like for him at that moment. In an instant the brace of darkies were surrounded, and what appeared strange, was the coincidence of several slavedealers being among the crowd assembled.

One of these, with true business tact, made some remark about getting out of trouble, but Mr. Colcock replied emphatically that $5,000 would not buy either of them. They were forthwith returned to the jail, to await a more auspicious starting. On there arrival here, one of the officers spoke to them of the folly of their efforts, when the fellow who had attempted to throw the stone remarked: "I have but once to die, and I'd sooner take the chance for it now than go home." What is strange is, that during all this fellow's life, prior to his present adventurous career, he was one of the most timid and bidable servants that ever lived. We understand they were both approved family servants, and great reliance was placed upon their fidelity.

About the time of the absconding of these slaves, two females of like character eloped, neither of whom have been regained. It is said that one of them, who was of a very bright color, departed in the cars as a white lady, through the aid of a veil, and probably in charge of a white escort.

ENGLISH MISTAKES. Editorial Intelligence in England is anything but cosmopolitan, and commits the most ludicrous blunders respecting men and things in this country. The following specimen from the *Athenæum*, one of the foremost of English literary journals, is uncommonly rich. Our neighbor of the *Tribune* is certainly indebted to the enlightened London critic for a first rate notice. [New York Courier and Enquirer.

"*Hints Towards Reforms.* By Horace Gruby. Mr. Horace Gruby is a name beginning to be heard on this side of the Atlantic. In his own country he is well and honorably known as a man of letters—the son-in-law of Bryant, and editor of a high-class paper in New York. The 'Hints' now published consist of a number of lectures, essays, and orations, somewhat in the manner of his countryman, but with fewer of their faults. 'Organization of labor,' if we may take Mr. Gruby as a sample of his order, is making progress in the United States; as, indeed it is in our own country, faster than they who do not minutely watch the tendencies of opinion are at all aware. On the whole we have read Mr. Gruby's orations, with pleasure. Their literary merits are unequal—but there is always a mine of good sense and wise counsel in them."

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE IN BOSTON. All the churchyards in London are to be closed forever on the first of July, 1851, when burials are to take place in the suburban cemeteries.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 18th inst, by Rev F. D. Huntington, Mr John C. Fernald to Miss Sarah A. daughter of Col Thomas Hunting, of this city.

19th inst, at Indiana street Church, by Rev Thos B. Fox, Mr Isaac Tower, of Boston, to Miss Mary E. Ackerman, of Portsmouth, N. H.

In Hingham, 19th inst, by Rev Mr Richardson, Mr James A. Gunnison, of Charleston, S. C. to Miss Nancy Corbett, of H.

In Tyngsboro', 19th inst, by Rev Wm Morse, Mr Wm H. Clark, of Chelmsford, to Miss Mary B. Kendall, of T.

In South Scituate, 16th inst, by Rev Caleb Stetson, Mr Benj. Merritt, Jr. of Watertown, to Miss Welthea Alden, daughter of Hon Wm James, of South Scituate.

At Nantucket, 2d inst, in the Unitarian Church, by Rev J. K. Waite, Mr Thos Nelson to Miss Avis Hassard; 16th inst, Mr Wm H. Waite to Miss Sarah J. daughter of Hon Samuel Mitchell.

In Mendon, Mass. 18th inst, by Rev W. H. Kinsley, Rev Arthur B. Fuller, Pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Manchester, N. H., to Miss Elizabeth G. youngest daughter of Gibbs Davenport, Esq. of M.

At Schuylerville, N. Y. 23rd inst, at the residence of her sister, by Rev Mr Seage, Mr Artemas Carter, of Chicago, Ill. to Miss Anna C. Mutchett, of Brighton, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, 21st inst, Signor Antonio Sarti, 48 yrs, a native of Florence.

In Roxbury, on the Highlands, 20th inst, Mrs Sarah Homans Twing, wife of Thomas Simmons, 50 yrs.

In Cambridge, 19th inst, Miss Elizabeth Newell, sister of Rev Wm Newell.

In Salem, 23d inst, Esther Mackey West, wife of Hon Amos Abbott, of Andover.

In Leominster, 16th inst, of congestion of the lungs, Hon Solomon Strong.

REFERENCE & EMPLOYMENT OFFICES,
NOS. 2 and 3 TREMONT TEMPLE,
(*Entrance South Gate.*)

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF PAUPERISM.

This society has been pursuing its unobtrusive course for some fifteen years, productive, in various ways, of a vast amount of good to the city. Among these, the annual procurement of employment for, and in some measure the oversight of, many thousand young females, both of native and foreign parentage; also in providing homes for orphan, destitute, or morally exposed children.

By a vote of the Boston Employment Society, for men and boys, it ceased to exist, as a separate organization, on the 1st of July last, and assigned its functions to this society; which, in order further to extend its usefulness, has now opened

TWO SEPARATE EMPLOYMENT OFFICES,

one for Men and Boys, the other for Women and Girls, where Families or others in want of Servants or any description of Male and Female Help, in any respectable occupation, are invited to call and make a selection from a large number of

AMERICAN, FOREIGN, PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC HELP.

Those discharging men or women from their service, who can be well recommended, would do them a favor by referring them to these offices. All applicants, who have been at service, are required to bring a recommendation from, or have a reference to, their last place.

Some idea of the numbers benefited by this society may be gathered from the fact, that from 1840 to 1850, or in ten years, 24,574 women and girls have been supplied with employment; and of these there has been sent out of the city 11,142. For an average, nearly 2500 places have been furnished, and more than 1100 of the applicants have been sent into the country each year.

The Boston Employment Society, from October, 1842, to October, 1849, or during seven years, found places or work for 7,083 individuals, and permanent homes in the country for about 700 lads: and it is expected, with both offices in successful operation, before long, to direct, annually, at least 5,000 persons to the means of self-support. The past success of these societies warrants the expectation of such an extension of operations.

THE REFERENCE OFFICE,

To which all applicants for charity may be sent, and have the proper sources of relief pointed out to them, is eminently useful; many, who would otherwise have become dependent upon public or private charity, have been enabled to provide for themselves; and some of the highest aims of the society have in this way been fully met. In all applications for relief, it is of the highest possible advantage to be able to refer to new or otherwise unknown or unattainable means of self-subsistence. Records of such cases, of great interest are at the office. The address, direction, &c. of every Charitable Association in this city, are kept at the office for the benefit of those who may require immediate relief.

The expenses are necessarily large, and it is proposed to raise the means of defraying them in part by annual subscriptions, of not less than two dollars, which confer membership of the society, or by donations of any amount, both of which are earnestly solicited.

Annual subscribers are entitled to the free use of the employment offices, if they wish, and to a supply, at all times, of reference tickets, to give to applicants for charity, or others they may wish to send to the offices; other persons will be charged the small fee of 25 cents, which entitles them to the use of the employment offices two weeks from time of payment, to make a change, in case the persons or help they engage fail to come, or do not answer their purpose.

No Fee, under any circumstances, received from those in want of employment.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

Moses Grant, President; Thomas Tarbell, C. F. Barnard, Vice Presidents; F. R. Woodward, Secretary; Artemas Simonds, Treasurer. Managers, Wm. Howe, Thos. Thwing, Andrew Cushing, Lewis E. Cassell, Andrew Bigelow, S. B. Cruft, S. H. Winkley, Joseph E. Barry, Paul Adams, Phineas Stowe, J. P. Robinson, and Wm. Perkins.

All communications should be addressed, *post paid*, to Boston, Sept. 24. F. R. WOODWARD, Sec'y

☞ UNITARIAN CONVENTION.—The undersigned, a Committee of the Third Congregational Society in Springfield, to make arrangements to receive and provide for all who may attend the Unitarian Convention, to be held at Springfield, on October 15th, 16th and 17th, hereby give notice that ample accommodations will be made for all Clergymen, Laymen, and friends who may visit Springfield on that occasion. A committee will be in attendance at the chapel of the society, where our friends are requested to report themselves on their arrival.

JAMES M. THOMPSON,
JOHN MILLS, Jr.
HENRY SMITH,
EDWARD SAVAGE,
SAM'L. BOWLES, Jr.
HENRY VOSE,
GEORGE WALKER,
} Committee.

Springfield, Sept 18.

NOTICE.—The Middlesex Sunday School Society will hold its Ninth Annual Meeting at the First Church, Lexington, (Rev Mr Barrett's,) on Wednesday, the 9th Oct. The meeting will be opened precisely at half-past nine.

The annual Report of the Secretary will be presented in the morning. A discussion will be held, and the officers of the society elected.

At 2, P. M. the society will assemble for public worship. A sermon will be preached by Rev John Pierpont, of Medford Teachers and friends of the Sunday School are invited to attend. F. A. WHITNEY,
sept28 2is Sec'y. M. S. S. Society.

☞ AUTUMNAL CONVENTION.—The Autumnal Convention of Unitarian Clergymen and Laymen will be held at Springfield on the 15th, 16th and 17th of October. Our friends there anticipate a full attendance; and it is hoped that delegates will be sent from all our societies.

All persons attending the Convention will be furnished with railroad tickets from Boston to Springfield, and the way stations between Boston and Worcester, at half the usual price. CALVIN LINCOLN,
sept28 Chairman of the Com. of Arrangements.

☞ NOTICE. The Chapel in Freeman Place.—The Society under the pastoral care of the Rev. Chandler Robbins have worshipped in this Chapel the past three Sabbaths, and the attendance has been quite full and encouraging—indicating, we believe, a prosperous and healthy commencement of their new enterprise. The pews, we learn, are to be offered for sale on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 1st. Plans of the house, with the valuation and quarterly taxes of the pews, are now preparing for distribution. A few gentlemen, friends of the Society, have obligated themselves to provide for any deficiency there may be after the sale, and purchasers of pews will be guaranteed from any assessment beyond the appraised value which they bear.
sept21 2w

☞ NOTICE.—The Middlesex North Association will meet at the house of Rev. Mr. White, in Littleton, on Wednesday, October 2d, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
sept21 JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ PRIVATE BOARD. Gentlemen and Ladies or families travelling, and visiting the city for a few days or weeks, will find pleasant accommodations at the house of the Publisher of this paper, No. 1 Bedford Place. may18

☞ WANTED.—Copies of the "Christian Register" of April 7th, 1849, (No. 14,) are wanted at this office. Persons who have this number to spare, will do the Publisher a kindness by forwarding them by mail, or otherwise, directed "Christian Register, Boston." aug24

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 333. 12½ cents. Commencing a new volume.

CONTENTS.

1. Lady Marjory St. Just—An Autobiography.
2. German in Public Schools—Philadelphia Ledger.
3. Legends of the Monastic Orders—Spectator.
4. Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers—Examiner.
5. M'Culloch and Maclaren on Cholera—Spectator.
6. Who wrote Shakspeare's Henry VIII.?—Gentleman's Magazine.
7. Responsibility of Monomaniacs—New Monthly Magazine.
8. A Day and Night among the High Alps—Ladies' Companion.
9. Ellen Linn, The Needlewoman—Tait's Magazine.
10. Foreign Miscellany—Sundry Papers.

With Poetry, Short Articles, and Notices of New Books.

Published weekly, at Six Dollars a Year, by E. LITTELL & CO., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts.
Sept 28.

Eastern Exchange Hotel,
BY J. B. CARTER,
OPPOSITE EASTERN RAILROAD STATION.
s28 BOSTON.

OXFORD BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.—LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington street, have just received a supply of the cheap edition of Oxford Bibles, among which are—

Royal 8vo—pica, morocco, gilt,
do do do Blind tooled,
Pearl 24mo—roan, clasp,
do do tuck,
do morocco, tuck, a very neat article.
Testaments—nonpareil, 32mo, roan, arabesque, gilt and plain, &c. &c. sept14

SACRED Philosophy of Seasons. Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons, edited by Rev. Dr. Greenwood. 4 vols. Price $2. For sale by CROSBY & NICHOLS,
sept14 111 Washington street.

QUESTIONS TO WHATELY'S EVIDENCES. Questions for the Aid of those Teaching from Introductory Lessons of Christian Evidence. Price 50c a dozen. This day published by CROSBY & NICHOLS,
Sept14 111 Washington street.

At Home.

DR. MORTON, Surgeon Dentist, No. 19 Tremont Row opposite the Boston Museum, will personally employ his discovery (Ether,) extract and fill teeth, and insert his beautiful artificial ones, without the slightest pain.
july 27 eopf.

CLASSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber will, on MONDAY, Sept. 2d, re-open his School, at 37½ Tremont Row, for the preparation of lads for the Freshman Class, or for advanced standing in the University, or for business.

Believing that, however indispensable abundant knowledge may be for a teacher, however valuable facility in imparting instruction, still the ability to penetrate character and control motives, to inspire the love of knowledge and of self-improvement, is his highest qualification, the undersigned aims to employ assiduously these great means of education. And as intelligence is a high result of education, and steady habits of application a better, and faculties well disciplined to accuracy and sustained force the highest, he devotes himself to these great objects of the training of the mind, while he strives to conduct to right issues that of the heart.

Terms—$37½ per quarter.

Parents and Guardians are referred to either of the following gentlemen—Jared Sparks, LL. D., Prof. C. C. Felton, Hon. Peleg Sprague, Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., Charles G. Loring, Esq., Rev. Wm. M. Rogers, George M. Dexter, Esq., John T. Heard, Esq.
august31 6tis2os WM. H. BROOKS.

ORCHARD HILL SCHOOL.

ORCHARD HILL FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL. Mr. and Mrs. Mack, formerly of Cambridge, have opened their Boarding School in a new house planned and furnished expressly for the accommodation of twelve pupils. Their course of instruction will embrace the Ancient and Modern Languages, and the English branches usually pursued in Academies.

The house is situated in Watertown, near the Watertown and West Cambridge Depot, on the FITCHBURG RAILROAD, six miles from Boston, in the midst of extensive and diversified grounds, in the immediate vicinity of the well known Wellington Hill, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect; is well warmed, well ventilated, and supplied with an abundance of pure spring water in each story; also a bathing room, containing a douche, shower bath, &c., &c.

Music, Drawing, Dancing, &c., by the best Teachers in Boston.

The Second Quarter commences Monday Sept. 10th.

REFERENCES.—Prof. Beck, Rev. R. M. Hodges, Cambridge. Jas. Brown, Esq., (Little & Brown) Boston.

For further particulars, address Mr. and Mrs. Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston. 1f marc16

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

THE subscriber will re-commence his School on Tuesday, the 1st of October. One or two more boys can be accommodated in his family. He expects to give the best of his time and endeavors to his scholars. His residence is on a farm, in a healthy country town, and easy of access in all directions.

Refer to Wm. D. SWAN, Principal of Mayhew School; SAMUEL MAY, Jr., Boston; Dr. ROBERT THAXTER, Dorchester; or (for further particulars) to the subscriber, at Bolton. RICHARD S. EDES.
Bolton, Worcester Co., Aug. 16. 1i2os sept21

BOSTON FEMALE MEDICAL SCHOOL,

CONDUCTED by the Female Medical Education Society, incorporated by the Massachusetts Legislature. The fifth term will commence Nov. 6th, 1850, and continue three months. Those who desire can attend exclusively to Midwifery, with its collateral branches. Tuition, $25.—Board in the city to be had at $1 a week.

SAMUEL GREGORY, Secretary.
sept21 3tis 17 Cornhill.

WESTFORD ACADEMY.

THE Fall Term at this Institution will commence on Wednesday, September 11.

CHARLES H. WHEELER, A. M., Principal.
Miss ELLEN G. GAGE, Assistant.

Tu

POETRY.

The Widowed Inebriate's Lament.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[Although the following touching and beautiful poem has before (some years since) appeared in our columns, we cannot resist the temptation to again present it. We regard it as unsurpassed by anything of the kind we ever read. The author is a graduate of the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association, of this city, and it was of this poem that Longfellow said it would immortalize any man. Mr. Duganne is at present residing in Philadelphia, and not unfrequently contributes to the popular literature of the country. His age is about twenty-seven.—Eds. New-Englander.]

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile;
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came—or guile:
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And my eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbbed for me alone
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright;
And many an eye of light and love
Is flushing in my sight;
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And loneliness steals o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking of the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips
To thee I homeward came.
Oh, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though thy heart was sorely grieved!

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad;
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the wine-cup drove me mad.
From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,
And the ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

Oh! my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine-cup drove me wild;
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled.
God knows that I loved thee then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart
To make my love a bane.

'T was a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring-time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face
And proudly called thee wife—
And 't was pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door;
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I shall never see them more!

Thou 'rt resting in the church-yard now,
And no stone is at thy head!
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate!

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse
That will not let me rest;
He knows not of the sleepless night,
When, the making of thy love,
I seem to hear thy gentle voice
Speak sadly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I 've sung,
'Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung;
But a pale and sorrowing face I looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard
Which I fancied breathed by thee.

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow;
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead!

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY MISS SEDGWICK

The calm, basking sunshine had lain on the green landscape with such richness and beauty on Saturday evening, that one could not distrust the pledge for a glorious morrow; and I had risen early, early even for the country, to enjoy the morning. It was indeed one of peculiar beauty. There was not a cloud to be seen in the heavens. The sun was not yet up, but his brightness came before him, over the mountains, as if waking them from their slumbers. All was still, as one loves it to be on a Sabbath morning, save the sweet orisons of the redbreast and oriole, going up to Him who feedeth the birds, and the sound of a distant waterfall breaking clear on the air. The sun had now risen, the earth looked beautiful and new as at the creation, and lo! sunward a hundred peaks were glowing with gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of a world. Over the whole landscape there is a stillness, showing that man is resting from his labors and every thing rests with him. The sturdy ox, which had toiled at the plough or dragged along the weary load, through the successive week-days, is grazing quietly on the sunny slopes; the cows are sluggishly moving towards the pasture; the milk-maid suppresses her song as she bears the plentiful store from the farm yard; and the very herd-boy looks cautiously far up and down the lane, before he ventures the stone, twice aimed at the unoffending chip-muck.

"All look, as if they knew the day and hour,
And felt with man the need and joy of thanks."

The breakfast is partaken in quietness; the Sunday morning breakfast of rich brown mush; the tables are cleared and set away, and the household are assembled around the family altar, while from the Bible the father reads a portion with judicious care, and leads in the devotions. After prayers each betakes himself to preparations for church. The children are made ready in well brushed Sunday clothes, with clean faces and smooth hair, and seated to their lessons for the Sunday school. So still is every duty performed that the tick of the tall clock is audible through he house, and the sense of religious awe seems to live in the very atmosphere.

As we took our way to the church, the same stillness covered the whole face of nature, broken only by the hum of the honey-bees gathering sweets from the way-side flowers, or the cawing of the crows from the distant fields. Neatly dressed people were moving in groups to the sanctuary; the bright eyed girl and her mother, young men, children, and the gray-headed, with a sobriety and decorum in unison with the solemnity of the day. The church was a neat white building, standing just out of the deep mountain forest, and overlooking a wide country of water and land, many miles around. It had no bell, no steeple, no organ; nothing but the four unadorned walls, the simple pews, and the high massive pulpit, where the rich man found no incitements to his pride, nor the poor man temptations to his envy. Every thing was in keeping; the people with the house, and the pastor with his people. There was not only a sincerity and solemnity, but also a congruity about the whole, which I have often felt the want of in more splendid sanctuaries.

Notwithstanding the change which increasing years brings over our affections, I can never visit the church to which I was wont to go in my childhood, without deep emotion. The place, the occasion, the old form of worship, carry one insensibly back to former days, and make us forget for a time the interval which has elapsed. The changes which have taken place affect the mind with sadness. That is the scene from the window on which I used to gaze during the service; this is the same pulpit; these are the same quaint old pews. But where are the inmates! How few, very few of them remain. The scythe of Time has made dreadful havoc. The old have passed away like a tale that is told; the mature, such as remain of them, are gray-headed, and bending under the weight of years. Boys are transformed into the thoughtful fathers of families, and thoughtlessness has given place to the furrowing lines of care. Around me is a generation, which, mushroom-like, has sprung up in my absence; and more than once I mistook the children for their parents, pictured in my remembrance as if they had been destined never to grow old.

Our good pastor, whose gray head and kindly greeting have so associated old age in my mind with benevolence of heart, that I can never yet separate them, is not here. How well I remember his grave deportment, his calm and deliberate air, and his venerable presence, which inspired an awe I have never since felt in the presence of any man. He has gone, years since, to receive the reward of "those who turn many to righteousness."

THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE.

William and Charles Grant were the sons of a farmer in Inverness-shire, whom a sudden flood stript of everything, even to the very soil which he tilled. The farmer and his son William made their way Southward until they arrived in the neighborhood of Bury, in Lancashire, and there found employment in a print work, in which William served his apprenticeship. It is said that when they reached the spot near which they ultimately settled, and arrived at the crown of the hill near Walmesley, they were in doubt as to what course was best next to be pursued. The surrounding country lay disclosed before them, the river Irwell making its circuitous way through the valley. What was to be done to induce their decision as to the route they were to take to their future home? A stick was put up, and where it fell, in that direction would they betake themselves. And thus their decision was made, and they betook themselves toward the village of Ramsbotham, not far distant.

In this place these men pitched their tent, and in the course of many long years of industry, enterprise and benevolence, they accumulated nearly a million sterling of money, earning, meanwhile, the good will of thousands, the gratitude of many, and respect of all who knew them. They afterward erected, on the top of the hill overlooking Walmsley, a lofty tower, in commemoration of the fortunate choice they had made, and not improbably as a kind of public thank offering for the signal prosperity they had reaped. Cotton mills and print works were built by them of great extent, employing an immense number of hands; and they erected churches, founded schools, and gave a new life to the district. Their well directed diligence made the valley teem with industry, activity, health, joy and opulence; they never forgot the class from which they themselves had sprung, that of working men, whose hands had mainly contributed to their aggrandizement, and therefore they spared no expense in the moral, intellectual, and physical interests of their work people.

A brief anecdote or two will serve to show what manner of men these Grants were, and that Dickens, in his Brothers Cheeryble, has been guilty of no exaggeration. Many years ago, a warehouse-man published an exceeding scurrilous pamphlet against the firm of Grant Brothers, holding up the elder partner to ridicule as "Billy Button." William was informed by some "kind friends" of the existence and nature of the pamphlet, and his observation was, that the man would live to repent of its publication. "Oh!" said the libeler, when informed of this remark, "he thinks that some time or other I shall be in his debt, but I will take good care of that." It happens, however, that the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. It turned out that the libeler shortly after became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his, which had been endorsed by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wantonly libeled men had now an opportunity of revenging themselves upon the libeler, for he could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without that he could not again commence business.

But it seemed to the bankrupt to be a hopeless case to expect that they would give their signature—they whom he had so wantonly held up to public ridicule. The claims of a wife and children, however, at last forced him to make the application. He presented himself at the counting-house door, and found that "Billy Button" was in. He entered, and William Grant, who was alone, rather sternly bid him, "shut the door, sir!" The libeler trembled before the libeled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once," exclaimed Mr. Grant. The supplicant expected to see the parchment thrown into the fire; instead of which, Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the supplicant, who expected to find written upon it "rogue, scoundrel, libeler," instead of which, there was written only the signature of the firm, completing the bankrupt's certificate. "We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else."

The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah!" continued Mr. Grant, "my saying was true; I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet; I did not mean it as a threat, I only meant that some day you would know us better, and repent that you had tried to injure us; I see you repent it now." "I do, I do," said the grateful man. "I do indeed bitterly repent it." "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when the certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the meantime?" and the answer was that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even the common necessaries of life, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will never do, your family must not suffer; be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife for me—there, there, my dear fellow—nay, don't cry—it will all be well with you yet; keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks—the swelling in his throat forbade his words: he put his hand to his face and went out of the door crying like a child.

In company with a gentleman who had written and lectured much on the advantages of early religious, moral and intellectual training, Mr. Grant asked—"Well, how do you go on establishing schools for infants?" The reply was, "Very well indeed; wherever I have gone, I have succeeded either in inducing good people to establish them, or in securing better support to those that are already established. But I must give over my labors, for what with printing bills, coach fare, and other expenses, every lecture I deliver in any neighboring town costs me a sovereign, and I cannot afford to ride my hobby at such rate." He said, "You must not give over your labors; God has blessed them with success; He has blessed you with talents, and me with wealth—if you give your time, I ought to give my money. You must oblige me by taking this twenty pound note, and spend it in the promotion of the education of the poor." The twenty pound note was taken, and so spent; and probably a thousand children are now enjoying the benefit of the impulse that was thus given to a mode of instruction as delightful as it was useful.

Mr. Grant was waited on by two gentlemen, who were raising a subscription for the widow of a respectable man, who, some years before his death, had been unfortunate in business. "We lost £200 by him," said Mr. Grant, 'and how do you expect I should subscribe for his widow?"—"Because," answered one of them, "What you have lost by the husband does not alter the widow's claim on your benevolence." "Neither it shall," said he; "here are five pounds, and if you cannot make out the sum you want for her, come to me, and I'll give you more."

Many other anecdotes, equally characteristic of the kind nature of William Grant, could be added. For 15 years did he and his brother Charles ride into Manchester on market days, seated side by side, looking of all things like a pair of brothers, happy in themselves, and in each other. William died a few days ago, and was followed to the grave by many blessings. The firm still survives and supports its former character. [Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

FOR CHILDREN.

CLARA SINCLAIR.

Clara Sinclair was an intelligent girl, studiously devoted to all her studies but arithmetic.

'Oh, mother!' she would exclaim, 'this is arithmetic day. How I hate it.'

'My daughter do not make use of such expressions,' said her mother. 'Nothing is wanting but attention and perseverance, to make that study as agreeable as any other. If you pass over a rule carelessly, and say you do not understand it, from want of energy to learn it, you will continue ignorant of important principles. I speak with feeling on this subject, for when I went to school, a fine arithmetician shared the same desk with me, and whenever I was perplexed by a difficult sum, instead of applying to my teacher for an explanation, I asked Amelia to do it for me. The consequence is, that even now I am obliged to refer to others in the most trifling calculations. I expect much assistance from your perseverance, dear Clara,' continued she, affectionately taking her hand.

Clara's eyes looked a good resolution, and she commenced the next day putting it in practice. Instead of being angry because she could not understand her figures, she tried to clear her brow to understand them better, and her tutor was surprised to find her mind rapidly opening to comprehend the most difficult rules. She now felt the pleasure of self-conquest, besides the enjoyment of her mother's approbation, and for many years steadily gave herself up to the several branches of mathematics.

Clara was the eldest of three children, who had been born in the luxuries of wealth. Mr. Sinclair was a merchant of great respectability, but in the height of his supposed riches, one of those failures took place, which often occur in commercial transactions, and his affairs became suddenly involved. A nervous temperament, and a delicate constitution, were soon sadly wrought upon by this misfortune. Mr. Sinclair's mind, perplexed and harassed, seemed sinking under the weight of anxiety. Clara was at this period sixteen years of age; her mind was clear and vigorous, and seemed ready, like a young fawn, for its first bound.

One cold autumnal evening, the children, with their wild gambols, were playing around the room, while Mr. Sinclair sat leaning his head upon his hand over a table covered with papers. Mrs. Sinclair was busily employed in sewing, and Clara, with her fingers between the pages of a book, sat gazing at her father.

'Those children distract me,' said Mr. Sinclair in a sharp accent.

'Hush, Robert, come here, Margaret,' said Mrs. Sinclair gently; and she took one on her lap, and the other by her knee, and whispering to them a little story, calmed them to sleepiness, and then put them to bed.

When Mrs. Sinclair had left the room, Clara laid down her book, and stood by her father.

'Don't disturb me, child,' said he, roughly; 'my head aches.'—Then recollecting himself, he took her hand, and continued, 'Do not feel hurt, my dear; my mind is perplexed by these difficult accounts.'

'Father,' said Clara, with a smile, 'I think I can help you, if you will let me try.'

'You! my love,' exclaimed her father, 'why these papers would puzzle a wiser head than yours.'

'I do not wish to boast, father,' said Clara, modestly, but my teacher said to day'—Clara hesitated.

'Well, what did he say!' asked Mr. Sinclair, encouragingly.

'He said,' answered Clara, blushing deeply, 'that I was a quicker accountant than most men of business; and I do believe, father,' continued she, earnestly, 'that if you were to explain your papers to me, I could help you.'

Mr. Sinclair smiled incredulously, but unwilling to check his daughter's wish for usefulness, he made some remarks, and opened his ledger. Insensibly he found himself entering with her into the labyrinth of numbers. Mrs. Sinclair came in on tiptoe, and seated herself softly at the table to sew. The accounts became more and more complicated, but Mr. Sinclair seemed to gain energy under the clear, quick eye of his child; her unexpected sympathy inspired him with new powers. Hour after hour passed away, and his spirits rose at every chime of the village clock.

'Wife,' said he, suddenly, 'if this girl gives me aid like this, I shall be in a new world to-morrow.'

'My beloved child,' said Mrs. Sinclair, pressing Clara's fresh cheek to her own.

Twelve o'clock struck before Clara left her father, when she commended herself to God, and slept profoundly. The next morning, after seeking his blessing, she repaired to Mr. Sinclair, and sat by him day after day, until his books were faithfully balanced.

'Father,' said she, 'you have tried me and found me worth something; let me keep your books until you can afford a responsible clerk, and give me a little salary to buy shells for my cabinet.'

Mr. Sinclair accepted the proposition. Clara's cabinet increased in beauty, and the finished female hand-writing in his books and papers, was a subject of interest and curiosity to his mercantile friends. [Youth's Cabinet.

JAMES SIMPSON.

Among the recollections of my youth there are none more vivid than those of one whom I will call James Simpson, a young, and now an elderly man, whose years are not far from my own. He had been taught in his childhood by pious parents, and knew his duty as well as any boy of the school to which he and I were sent when we were about a dozen years old. James had a tender conscience. He would not do the wrong thing when he knew what was right, and though the other boys sometimes laughed at his squeamishness, as they called it, he said that if the boys laughed at him, God was pleased with him, and he thought that of more consequence.

I recollect a Saturday afternoon when we were all off in the woods gathering chestnuts, and had received permission to get as many as we wanted in the woods of Mr. Richards, but not finding them as abundant there as we expected, we were quite disposed to cross the hill, and try the farm of another man, to whom we had made no application. The whole party agreed to it except James and one other. They stood out decidedly, and when it was urged that the owner would have no objection to our getting them, James, who was always ready with a reason, said that was an argument against stealing them. It would be wrong to take them, he said, from a man who was stingy, and surely it would be wrong and very mean to take them without leave from a man who would give them to us if we should ask him.

"Yes," the rest said "but who is going to ask him? It is more than a mile down to his house, and nobody will go that far to ask for chestnuts."

"I will go," said James, "if you will all promise to stay here till I come back; or if you are in such a hurry to get the nuts, just look out for me, and when I come out of the lane down there at the foot of the hill, if I swing my cap you may start, and I will come on and get as many as I want."

"Agreed, agreed," they all cried, and away went James on the full run down hill. He was not long on the way; he did not let the grass grow under his feet; and it was not more than twenty minutes before he made his appearance swinging his hat with all his might. The boys set up a shout that he might have heard, and were just starting off for the woods, when one of them said he thought it too bad to leave Jimmy to come on alone, when he had taken so much trouble for them. This was received with general appalause, and we all ran down to meet him, and when we overtook him, he met us with a face beaming with smiles, and said the old farmer told him we might get as many as we liked, only we must not break our necks. This we had no notion of doing, and after we had picked as many as we could well carry home, we left, and tired with our afternoon's work trudged back to school.

As we were walking homeward, with less excitement than we came up, one of the boys said the chestnuts were very heavy.

"But they are not so heavy," said James Simpson, "as they would have been, if we had hooked them."

"Right for you, and you are always right, or about right," the other answered, and by common consent it was agreed, that in all future expeditions, we would respect the rights of property, and never enter even the woods of a man to get his fruit, without first gaining his permission.

Now this incident was a very simple one, but it had a very strong and a very lasting effect upon the whole school. Not one of those boys but thought more of James Simpson than they did before, and all of them felt that the way to be happy, and take real comfort in the pursuits of pleasure, was to do right.

But James and the rest of us, except one bright fellow, the merriest of that chestnut party, who died in the South, where he went as a clerk when he was sixteen years old,—but with this exception, and I drop a tear as I write, we all grew up to be men. James went into business, and the same strict regard for the rights of others has marked him all the way through life, and gained for him the confidence of the whole community. He gave his time to his employers with the most scrupulous integrity, for he said to himself, and sometimes he ventured to make the remark to those who were with him in the store, it was quite as wrong to take an employer's *time* as it was to take his money.

This was being faithful in that which was the least, and a lad who would not cheat an employer out of a minute of time, would not be likely to neglect his interests or waste his money. This was observed, and it laid the foundation for that great success in business and that eminent reputation for integrity that now distinguish him among the merchant princes of the day. He may, or he may not have forgotton his early schoolmate, who took quite a different turn in life, and became a gospel preacher, and now writes this sketch of old times, but if his memory of the past is as good as mine he will not fail to recall the chestnuts and his run down hill.

Boys, there is a lesson in this for you, and I reckon that you will learn it, without the aid of a sermon to help you. Be honest and true. Do the right thing in matters that appear small, and form *a habit of integrity*. Not because this is best policy, though we know it is: but be honest because God loves honesty, and it is right. [Presbyterian.

THE BOYS AND THE BALL.

A pleasant incident occurred in a public school some time since. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average age of seven years, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbor's windows, but no clue to the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him. The case troubled the teacher; and on one of the citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstance, and wished him, in some remarks to the scholars, to advert to the principles involved in the case. The address had reference principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports; the principles of rectitude and kindness which govern them every where, even when alone, and when they thought no one was present to observe. The scholars seemed deeply interested in the remarks. A very short time after the visiter had left the school, a little boy arose from his seat and said, "Miss L., I knocked the ball that broke the window. Another boy threw the ball, but I hit it, and it struck the window. I am willing to pay for it." There was a deathlike silence in the school as the little boy was speaking, and continued for a minute after he had closed. "But it won't be right for one to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy, rising, in his seat, "all of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all engaged alike in the play; I'll pay my part!" "And I!" "And I!" A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

Tribute of Respect to Miss D. L. Dix. A number of the ladies of Nashville, Tenn., have addressed a note to Miss Dix, the well-known philanthropist, requesting her to sit for her likeness to Mr. Hall, an American sculptor, in order that they may see preserved in a "permanent and pleasing form, a countenance expressive at once of feminine delicacy, heroic courage, sensibility and strength, compassion and firmness." To this note Miss Dix has replied, declining the honor proposed. She closes her modest note with the following paragraphs, replete with noble sentiments, which are well illustrated by her every day life. After thanking the ladies for this evidence of their esteem, and asking to decline the proposal, she says:

"Permit me, ladies rather *to dwell in your hearts*, affectionately remembered as a fellow-laborer in the world's wide harvest field; for though our paths may conduct to different objects, our lives are alike devoted to lessen the woes of suffering humanity, and to soften the stern discipline by which the soul acquires that heavenly knowledge which causeth not to err.

"To us, women, it peculiarly belongs to reveal in its holiest aspects the spirituality of religion, to bring consolations upon the troubled earth, and sanctify and perpetuate by our lives and actions a remembrance of our existence which shall cause many to feel that the world is better for our having lived in it."

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